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POPULAR TALES.

BY

MARIA EDGEWORTH,

AUTHOR OF BELINDA, CASTLE RACKRENT,

&c. &c.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

CONTAINING,

THE LOTTERY

ROSANNA. MURAD THE UNLUCKY.

THE MANUFACTURERS.

FOURTH EDITION.

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THE LOTTERY.

THE LOTTERY.

CHAPTER I.

NEAR Derby, on the way towards Darley-grove, there is a cottage which formerly belonged to one Maurice Robinson. The jessamine, which now covers the porch, was planted by Ellen his wife; she was an industrious, prudent, young woman, liked by all her neighbours, because she was ready to assist and serve them, and the delight of her husband's heart; for she was sweet-tempered, affectionate, constantly clean and neat, and made his house so cheerful that he was always in haste to come home to her, after his day's work. He was one of the manufacturers employed in the cotton works at Derby; and he was remarkable for his good conduct and regular attendance at his work.

Things went on very well in every respect, till a relation of his, Mrs. Dolly Robinson, came to live with him. Mrs. Dolly had been laundry-maid in a great family, where she learned to love gossiping, and tea-drinkings, and where she acquired some taste for shawls and cherry brandy. She thought that she did her young relations a great favour, by coming to take up her abode with them; because, as she observed, they were young and inexperienced; and she, knowing a great deal of the world, was able and willing to advise them; and besides, she had had a legacy of some hundred pounds left to her, and she had saved some little matters while in service, which might make it worth her relation's while to take her advice with proper respect, and to make her comfortable for the rest of her days.

Ellen treated her with all due deference, and endeavoured to make her as comfortable as possible; but Mrs. Dolly could not be comfortable unless, beside drinking a large spoonful of brandy in every dish of tea, she could make each person in *the* house do just what she pleased. She

began by being dissatisfied because she could not persuade Ellen that brandy was wholesome, in tea, for the nerves; next she was affronted because Ellen did not admire her shawl; and, above all, she was grievously offended because Ellen endeavoured to prevent her from spoiling little George.

George was, at this time, between five and six years old; and his mother took a great deal of pains to bring him up well; she endeavoured to teach him to be honest, to speak the truth, to do whatever she and his father bid him, and to dislike being idle.

Mrs. Dolly, on the contrary, coaxed and flattered him, without caring whether he was obedient or disobedient, honest or dishonest. She was continually telling him that he was the finest little fellow in the world; and that she would do great things for him, some time or another.

What these great things were to be the boy seemed neither to know nor care; and, except at the moments when she was stuffing gingerbread into his mouth, he seemed never to desire to be near her; he preferred being with William Deane, his

father's friend, who was a very ingenious man, and whom he liked to see at work.

William gave him a slate, and a slate pencil; and taught him how to make figures, and to cast up sums; and made a little wheelbarrow for him, of which George was very fond: so that George called him in play "*King Deane.*" All these things tended to make Mrs. Dolly dislike William Deane; whom she considered as her rival in power.

One day, it was George's birth-day, Mrs. Dolly invited a party, as she called it, to drink tea with her; and, at tea-time, she was entertaining the neighbours with stories of what she had seen in the great world. Amongst others, she had a favourite story of a butler, in the family where she had lived, who bought a ticket in the lottery when he was drunk, which ticket came up a ten thousand pound prize when he was sober; and the butler turned gentleman, and kept his coach directly.

One evening, Maurice Robinson and William came home, after their day's work, just in time to hear the end of this story; *and Mrs.* Dolly concluded it by turning to

Maurice, and assuring him that he must put into the lottery and try his luck: for why should not he be as lucky as another. 'Here,' said she, 'a man is working and drudging all the days of his life to get a decent coat to put on, and a bit of bread to put into his child's mouth; and, after all, may be he can't do it; though all the while, for five guineas, or a guinea, or half a guinea even, if he has but the spirit to lay out his money properly, he has the chance of making a fortune without any trouble. Surely a man should try his luck, if not for his own, at least for his children's sake,' continued Mrs. Dolly, drawing little George towards her, and hugging him in her arms. 'Who knows what might turn up! Make your papa buy a ticket in the lottery, love; there's my darling; and I'll be bound he'll have good luck. Tell him, I'll be bound we shall have a ten thousand pound prize at least; and all for a few guineas. I'm sure I think none but a miser would grudge the money, if he had it to give.'

As Mrs. Dolly finished her speech, she looked at William Deane, whose countenance did not seem to please her. Mau-

rice was whistling, and Ellen knitting as fast as possible. Little George was counting William Deane's buttons. 'Pray Mr. Deane,' cried Mrs. Dolly, turning full upon him, 'what may your advice and opinion be? since nothing 's to be done here without your leave and word of command, forsooth. Now, as you know so much and have seen so much of the world, would you be pleased to tell this good company, and myself into the bargain, what harm it can do any body, but a miser, to lay out a small sum to get a good chance of a round thousand, or five thousand, or ten thousand, or twenty thousand pounds, without more ado?'

As she pronounced the words five thousand, ten thousand, twenty thousand pounds, in a triumphant voice, all the company, except Ellen and William, seemed to feel the force of her oratory.

William coolly answered that he was no miser, but that he thought money might be better laid out than in the lottery; for that there was more chance of a man's getting nothing for his money than of his getting a prize; that, when a man worked for fair

wages every day, he was sure of getting something for his pains, and with honest industry, and saving, might get rich enough in time, and have to thank himself for it, which would be a pleasant thing: but that, if a man, as he had known many, set his heart upon the turning of the lottery wheel, he would leave off putting his hand to any thing the whole year round, and so grow idle, and may be drunken; and then,' said William, 'at the year's end, if he have a blank, what is he to do for his rent, or for his wife and children, that have nothing to depend upon but him and his industry?'

Here Maurice signed, and so did Ellen, whilst William went on and told many a true story of honest servants, and tradesmen, whom he had known, who had ruined themselves by gaming and lotteries.

'But,' said Maurice, who now broke silence, 'putting into the lottery, William, is not gaming, like dice or cards, or such things. Putting into the lottery is not gaming, as I take it.'

'As I take it, though,' replied William, 'it is gaming. For what is gaming but trusting one's money, or somewhat, to luck

and hap-hazard? And is there not as much hap-hazard in the turning of the wheel, as in the coming up of the dice, or the dealing of the cards?'

'True enough; but somebody must get a prize,' argued Maurice.

'And somebody must win at dice or cards,' said William, 'but a many more must lose; and a many more, I take it, must lose by the lottery, than by any other game; else how would they that keep the lottery gain by it, as they do? Put a case. If you and I, Maurice, were this minute to play at dice, we stake our money down on the table here, and one or t'other takes all up. But, in the lottery, it is another affair; for the whole of what is put in does never come out.'

This statement of the case made some impression upon Maurice, who was no fool; but Mrs. Dolly's desire, that he should buy a lottery ticket, was not to be conquered by reason: it grew stronger and stronger the more she was opposed. She was silent and cross during the remainder of the evening; and the next morning, at breakfast, she was so low that even her accus-

tomed dose of brandy, in her tea, had no effect.

Now Maurice, beside his confused hopes that Mrs. Dolly would leave something handsome to him or his family, thought himself obliged to her for having given a helping hand to his father, when he was in distress; and therefore he wished to bear with her humours, and to make her happy in his house. He knew that the lottery ticket was uppermost in her mind, and the moment he touched upon that subject she brightened up. She told him she had had a dream; and she had great faith in dreams: and she had dreamed, three times over, that he had bought number 339 in the lottery, and that it had come up a ten thousand pound prize!

'Well, Ellen,' said Maurice, 'I've half a mind to try my luck; and it can do us no harm, for I'll only put off buying the cow this year.'

'Nay,' said Mrs. Dolly, 'why so? may be you don't know what I know, that Ellen's as rich as a Jew? she has a cunning little cupboard, in the wall yonder, that I

see her putting money into every day of her life; and none goes out.'

Ellen immediately went and drew back a small sliding oak door in the wainscot, and took out a glove, in which some money was wrapped: she put it altogether into her husband's hand, saying, with a good-humoured smile, 'There is my year's spinning, Maurice: I only thought to have made more of it before I gave it you. Do what you please with it.'

Maurice was so much moved, by his wife's kindness, that he at the moment determined to give up his lottery scheme, of which, he knew, she did not approve. But, though a good-natured well-meaning man, he was of an irresolute character; and even, when he saw what was best to be done, had not courage to persist. As he was coming home from work, a few days after Ellen had given him the money, he saw, in one of the streets of Derby, a house with large windows finely illuminated, and read the words — "Lottery-"office of Fortunatus, Gould and Co. At "this office was sold the fortunate ticket,

" which came up on Monday last a " twenty thousand pound prize. Ready " money paid for prizes immediately on " demand.

" The 15,000l.
" 10,000l.
" 5,000l.

" still in the wheel. None but the brave " deserve a prize."

Whilst Maurice was gazing at this and other similar advertisements, which were exhibited in various bright colours in this tempting window, his desire to try his fortune in the lottery returned; and he was just going into the office, to purchase a ticket, when luckily he found that he had not his leathern purse in his pocket. He walked on, and presently brushed by some one; it was William Deane, who was looking very eagerly over some old books, at a bookseller's stall. 'I wish I had but money to treat myself with some of these,' said William: 'but I cannot; they cost such a deal of money, having all these prints in them.'

'We can lend you—no, we can't neither,' cried Maurice, stopping himself short; for

he recollected that he could not both lend his friend money to buy the books and buy a lottery ticket. He was in great doubt which he should do; and walked on with William, in silence. 'So then,' cried he at last, 'you would not advise me to put into the lottery?'

'Nay,' said William, laughing, 'it is not for me to advise you about it, now; for I know you are considering whether you had best put it into the lottery or lend me the money to buy these books. Now, I hope, you don't think I was looking to my own interest in what I said the other day: for, I can assure you, I had no thoughts of meeting with these books at that time; and did not know that you had any money to spare.'

'Say no more about it,' replied Maurice. 'Don't I know you are an honest fellow, and would lend me the money, if I wanted it. You shall have it as soon as ever we get home. Only mind and stand by me stoutly, if Mrs. Dolly begins any more about the lottery.'

Mrs. Dolly did not fail to renew her attacks; and she was both provoked and astonished, when she found that the con-

tents of the leathern purse were put into the hands of William Deane.

'Books, indeed! To buy books forsooth! What business had such a one as he with books?' She had seen a deal of life, she said, and never saw no good come of bookish bodies; and she was sorry to see that her own darling, George, was taking to the bookish line, and that his mother encouraged him in it. She would lay her best shawl, she said, to a gauze handkerchief, that William Deane would, sooner or later, beggar himself, and all that belonged to him, by his books and his gimcracks; 'and if George were my son,' continued she, raising her voice, 'I'd soon cure him of prying and poring into that man's picture-books, and following him up and down with wheels and mechanic machines, which will never come to no good, nor never make a gentleman of him, as a ticket in the lottery might and would.'

All mouths were open at once to defend William. Maurice declared he was the most industrious man in the parish; that his books never kept him from his work, but always kept him from the alehouse

and bad company; and that, as to his gim-cracks and machines, he never laid out a farthing upon them but what he got by working on holidays, and odd times, when other folks were idling or tipling. His master, who understood the like of those things, said, before all the workmen at the mills, that William Deane's machines were main clever, and might come to bring in a deal of money for him and his.

'Why,' continued Maurice, 'there was Mr. Arkwright, the man that first set a going all our cotton frames here, was no better than William Deane, and yet came at last to make a power of money. It stands to reason, any how, that William Deane is hurting nobody, nor himself neither; and, moreover, he may divert himself his own way, without being taken to task by man, woman, or child. As to children, he's very good to my child; there's one loves him,' pointing to George, 'and I'm glad of it: for I should be ashamed, so I should, that my flesh and blood should be any ways disregardful or ungracious to those that be kind and good to them.'

Mrs. Dolly, swelling with anger, repeated

in a scornful voice, 'Disregardful, ungracious!" I wonder folks can talk so to me! but this is all the gratitude one meets with, in this world, for all one does. Well, well! I'm an old woman, and shall soon be out of people's way; and then they will be sorry they did not use me better; and then they'll bethink them that it is not so easy to gain a friend as to lose a friend; and then——'

Here Mrs. Dolly's voice was stopped by her sobs; and Maurice, who was a very good-natured man, and much disposed to gratitude, said he begged her pardon a thousand times, if he had done any thing to offend her: and declared his only wish was to please and satisfy her, if she would but tell him how.

She continued sobbing, without making any answer, for some time: but at last she cried, 'My ad— my ad— my ad-vice is never taken in any thing!"

Maurice declared he was ready to take her advice, if that was the only way to make her easy in her mind. 'I know what you mean now,' added he: 'you are still harping upon the lottery ticket. Well, I'll buy a ticket this day week, after I've sold

happy as the day is long. Wife, I say, put by that wheel.'

'You're a lady now; and ought to look and behave like a lady,' added Mrs. Dolly, stretching up her head, 'and not stand moped, a that'n, over an old spinning-wheel.'

'I don't know how to look and behave like a lady,' said Ellen, and sighed: 'but I hopes Maurice won't love me the less for that.'

Mrs. Dolly was for some time wholly taken up with the pleasure of laying out money, and 'preparing,' as she said, 'to look like somebody.' She had many acquaintance at Paddington, she said, and she knew of a very snug house there, where they could all live very *genteel*.

She was impatient to go thither, for two reasons; that she might make a figure in the eyes of these acquaintances, and that she might get Maurice and little George away from William Deane, who was now become more than ever the object of her aversion and contempt: for he actually advised his friend not to think of living in idleness, though he had five thousand pounds.

William moreover recommended it to him to put his money out to interest, or to dispose of a good part of it in stocking a farm, or in fitting out a shop. Ellen, being a farmer's daughter, knew well the management of a dairy; and, when a girl, had also assisted in a haberdasher's shop, that was kept in Derby by her uncle, so she was able and willing, she said, to assist her husband in whichever of these ways of life he should take to.

Maurice, irresolute and desirous of pleasing all parties, at last said, it would be as well, seeing they were now rich enough not to mind such a journey, just to go to Paddington and look about 'em; and if so be they could not settle there in comfort, why still they might see a bit of London town, and take their pleasure for a month or so; and he hoped William Deane would come along with them, and it should not be a farthing out of his pocket.

Little George said every thing he could think of to persuade his *King Deane* to go with them; and almost pulled him to the coach door, when they were setting off: but William could not leave his master and

his business. The child clung with his legs and arms so fast to him that they were forced to drag him into the carriage.

'You 'll find plenty of friends at Paddington, who 'll give you a many pretty things. Dry your eyes, and see! You 're in a coach!' said Mrs. Dolly.

George dried his eyes directly; for he was ashamed of crying: but he answered, 'I do n't care for your pretty things. I shall not find my good dear King Deane, any where;' and, leaning upon his mother's lap, he twirled round the wheel of a little cart, which William Deane had given him, and which he carried under his arms as his greatest treasure.

Ellen was delighted to see signs of such a grateful and affectionate disposition in her son; and all her thoughts were bent upon him: whilst Mrs. Dolly chattered on, about her acquaintance at Paddington, and her satisfaction at finding herself in a coach once again. Her satisfaction was not, however, of long continuance: for she grew so sick that she was obliged, or thought herself obliged, every quarter of an hour, to have recourse to her cordial

bottle. Her spirits were at last raised so much that she became extremely communicative, and she laid open to Maurice and Ellen all her plans of future pleasure and expense.

'In the first place,' said she, 'I'm heartily glad now I have got you away from that cottage that was not fit to live in; and from certain folks that shall be nameless, that would have one live all one's life like scrubs, like themselves. You must know that, when we get to Paddington, the first thing I shall do shall be to buy a handsome coach.'

'A coach!' exclaimed Maurice and Ellen, with extreme astonishment.

'A coach to be sure,' said Mrs. Dolly. 'I say a coach.'

'I say we shall be ruined then,' said Maurice; 'and laughed at into the bargain.'

'La! you don't know what money is,' said Mrs. Dolly. 'Why, hav'n't you five thousand pounds, man? You don't know what can be done with five thousand pounds, cousin Maurice.'

'No, nor you neither, cousin Dolly;

or you 'd never talk of setting up your coach.'

'Why not, pray? I know what a coach costs as well as another. I know we can have a second hand coach, and we need not tell nobody that it 's second hand, for about a hundred pounds. And what 's a hundred pounds out of five thousand?'

'But if we 've a coach, we must have horses, must not we?' said Ellen, 'and they 'll cost a hundred more.'

'Oh, we can have job horses, that will cost us little or nothing,' said Mrs. Dolly.

'Say 150 l. a year,' replied Maurice; 'for I heard my master's coachman telling that the livery-keeper, in London, declared as how he made nothing by letting him have job horses for 150 l. a year.

'We are to have our own coach,' said Dolly, 'and that will be cheaper you know.'

'But the coach won't last for ever,' said Ellen: 'it must be mended, and that will cost something.'

'It is time enough to think of that when the coach wants mending,' said Mrs. Dolly; who, without giving herself the

trouble of calculating, seemed to be convinced that every thing might be done for five thousand pounds. 'I must let you know a little secret,' continued she. 'I have written, that is, got a friend to write, to have the house at Paddington taken for a year; for I know it's quite the thing for us, and we are only to give fifty pounds a year for it; and you know that one thousand pounds would pay that rent for twenty years to come.'

'But then,' said Ellen, 'you will want to do a great many other things with that thousand pounds. There 's the coach you mentioned; and you said we must keep a footboy, and must see a deal of company, and must not grudge to buy clothes, and that we could not follow any trade, nor have a farm, nor do any thing to make money; so we must live on upon what we have. Now let us count, and see how we shall do it. You know, Maurice, that William Deane inquired about what we could get for our five thousand pounds, if we put it out to interest?'

'Ay; two hundred a year, he said.'

'Well: we pay fifty pounds a year for

the rent of the house, and a hundred a year we three and the boy must have to live upon, and there is but fifty pounds a year left.'

Mrs. Dolly, with some reluctance, gave up the notion of the coach; and Ellen proposed that five hundred pounds should be laid out in furnishing a haberdasher's shop, and that the rest of their money should be put out to interest, till it was wanted. 'Maurice and I can take care of the shop very well; and we can live well enough upon what we make by it,' said Ellen.

Mrs. Dolly opposed the idea of keeping a shop; and observed that they should not, in that case, be gentlefolks. Besides, she said, she was sure the people of the house she had taken would never let it be turned into a shop.

What Mrs. Dolly had said was indeed true. When they got to Paddington, they found that the house was by no means fit for a shop; and as the bargain was made for a year, and they could not get it off their hands without considerable loss, Ellen was forced to put off her scheme of keeping a

shop till another year. In the mean time she determined to learn how to keep accounts properly.

There was a small garden belonging to the house, in which George set to work; and, though he could do little more than pull up the weeds, yet this kept him out of mischief and idleness; and she sent him to a day-school, where he would learn to read, write, and cast accounts. When he came home in the evenings, he used to show her his copy-book, and read his lesson, and say his spelling to her, while she was at work. His master said it was a pleasure to teach him, he was so eager to learn; and Ellen was glad that she had money enough to pay for having her boy well taught. Mrs. Dolly, all this time, was sitting and gossiping amongst her acquaintance in Paddington. These acquaintance were people whom she had seen when they visited the housekeeper in the great family where she was laundry-maid; and she was very proud to show them that she was now a finer person than even the housekeeper, who was formerly the object of her envy. She had tea-drinking parties,

and sometimes dinner parties, two or three in a week; and hired a footboy, and laughed at Ellen for her low notions, and dissuaded Maurice from all industrious schemes; still saying to him, 'Oh, you'll have time enough to think of going to work when you have spent all your money.'

Maurice, who had been accustomed to be at work for several hours in the day, at first thought it would be a fine thing to walk about, as Mrs. Dolly said, like a gentleman! without having any thing to do: but, when he came to try it, he found himself more tired by this way of life than he had ever felt himself in the cotton-mills at Derby. He gaped and gaped, and lounged about every morning, and looked a hundred times at his new watch, and put it to his ear, to listen whether it was going; the time seemed to him to pass so slowly. Sometimes, he sauntered through the town, came back again, and stood at his own door, looking at dogs fighting for a bone: at others, he went into the kitchen, to learn what there was to be for dinner, and to watch the maid cooking, or the boy cleaning knives. It was a great relief to

him to go into the room where his wife was at work: but he never would have been able to get through a year in this way without the assistance of a pretty little black horse, for which he paid thirty guineas. During a month, he was very happy in riding backwards and forwards on the Edgeware road: but presently the horse fell lame; it was discovered that he was spavined and broken winded; and the jockey from whom Maurice bought him was no where to be found. Maurice sold the horse for five guineas, and bought a fine bay for forty, which he was certain would turn out well, seeing he paid such a good price for him; but the bay scarcely proved better than the black. How he managed it we do not know, but it seems he was not so skilful in horses as in cotton weaving; for at the end of the year he had no horse, and had lost fifty guineas by his bargains.

Another hundred guineas were gone, nobody in the family but himself knew how: but he resolved to waste no more money, and began the new year well, by opening a haberdasher's shop in Padding-

ton. The fitting up this shop cost them five hundred pounds; it was tolerably stocked, and Ellen was so active, and so attentive to all customers, that she brought numbers to Maurice Robinson's new shop. They made full twelve per cent. upon all they sold; and, in six months, had turned three hundred pounds twice, and gained a profit of seventy-two pounds. Maurice, however, had got such a habit of lounging, during his year of idleness, that he could not relish steady attendance in the shop: he was often out, frequently came home late at night: and Ellen observed that he sometimes looked extremely melancholy: but, when she asked him whether he was ill, or what ailed him, he always turned away, answering, 'Nothing—nothing ails me. Why do ye fancy any thing ails me?'

Alas! it was no fancy. Ellen saw, too plainly, that something was going wrong; but as her husband persisted in silence, she could not tell how to assist or comfort him.

Mrs. Dolly in the mean time was going on, spending her money in junketing. She was, besides, no longer satisfied with taking

her spoonful of brandy in every dish of tea; she found herself uncomfortable, she said, unless she took every morning fasting a full glass of the good cordial recommended to her by her friend, Mrs. Joddrell, the apothecary's wife. Now this good cordial, in plain English, was a strong dram. Ellen, in the gentlest manner she could, represented to Mrs. Dolly that she was hurting her health, and was exposing herself, by this increasing habit of drinking: but she replied, with anger, that what she *took* was for the good of her health; that every body knew best what agreed with them; that she should trust to her own feelings; and that nobody need talk, when all she took came out of the apothecary's shop, and was paid for honestly with her own money.

Beside what came out of the apothecary's shop, Mrs. Dolly found it agreed with her constantly to drink a pot of porter at dinner, and another at supper; and always when she had a cold, and she had often a cold, she drank large basins full of white-wine whey, 'to throw off her cold,' as she said.

Then, by degrees, she lost her appetite; and found she could eat nothing, unless she had a glass of brandy at dinner. Small beer, she discovered, did not agree with her; so, at luncheon time, she always had a tumbler full of brandy and water. This she carefully mixed herself, and put less and less water in every day, because brandy, she was convinced, was more wholesome, for some constitutions, than water; and brandy and peppermint, taken together, was an infallible remedy for all complaints, low spirits included.

CHAPTER II.

Mrs. Dolly never found herself comfortable, moreover, unless she dined abroad two or three days in the week, at a public-house near Paddington; where she said she was more at home than she was any where else. There was a bowling-green at this public-house; and it was a place to which tea-drinking parties resorted. Now

Mrs. Dolly often wanted to take little George out with her to these parties; and said, 'It is a pity and a shame to keep the poor thing always mewed up at home, without ever letting him have any pleasure! Would not you like to go with me, George dear, in the one-horse chaise? and would not you be glad to have cakes, and tea, and all the good things that are to be had?'

'I should like to go in the one-horse chaise, to be sure, and to have cakes and tea; but I should not like to go with you, because mother does not choose it,' answered George, in his usual plain way of speaking. Ellen, who had often seen Mrs. Dolly offer him wine and punch to drink, by way of a treat, was afraid he might gradually learn to love spirituous liquors; and that, if he acquired a habit of drinking such when he was a boy, he would become a drunkard when he should grow up to be a man. George was now almost nine years old; and he could understand the reason why his mother desired that he would not drink spirituous liquors. She once pointed out to him a drunken man, who was reeling

along the street, and bawling ridiculous nonsense: he had quite lost his senses, and, as he did not attend to the noise of a carriage coming fast behind him, he could not get out of the way time enough, and the coachman could not stop his horses; so the drunken man was thrown down, and the wheel of the carriage went over his leg, and broke it in a shocking manner. George saw him carried towards his home, writhing and groaning with pain. 'See what comes of drunkenness,' said Ellen.

She stopped the people, who were carrying the hurt man past her door, and had him brought in and laid upon a bed, whilst a surgeon was sent for. George stood beside the bed in silence; and the words "See what comes of drunkenness!" sounded in his ears.

Another time, his mother pointed out to him a man with terribly swollen legs, and a red face blotched all over, lifted out of a fine coach by two footmen in fine liveries. The man leaned upon a gold-headed cane, after he was lifted from his carriage, and tried with his other hand to take off his hat to a lady, who asked him how he did;

but his hand shook so much that, when he had got his hat off, he could not put it rightly upon his head, and his footman put it on for him. The boys in the street laughed at him. 'Poor man!' said Ellen; 'that is Squire L——, who, as you heard the apothecary say, has drunk harder in his day than any man that ever he knew; and this is what he has brought himself to by drinking! All the physic in the apothecary's shop cannot make him well again! No; nor can his fine coach and fine footmen any more make him easy or happy, poor man!'

George exclaimed, 'I wonder how people can be such fools as to be drunkards! I will never be a drunkard, mother; and now I know the reason why you desired me not to drink the wine, when Mrs. Dolly used to say to me, "Down with it, George dear; it will do ye no harm."'

These circumstances made such an impression upon George that there was no further occasion to watch him; he always pushed away the glass, when Mrs. Dolly filled it for him.

One day his mother said to him, 'Now

I can trust you to take care of yourself, George, I shall not watch you. Mrs. Dolly is going to a bowling-green tea-party, this evening, and has asked you to go with her; and I have told her you shall.'

George accordingly went with Mrs. Dolly to the bowling-green. The company drank tea, out of doors, in summer-houses. After tea, Mrs. Dolly bid George go and look at the bowling-green; and George was very well entertained with seeing the people playing at bowls; but, when it grew late in the evening, and when the company began to go away, George looked about for Mrs. Dolly. She was not in the summer-house, where they had drunk tea; nor was she any where upon the terrace round the bowling-green; so he went to the public-house in search of her, and at last found her standing at the bar with the landlady. Her face was very red, and she had a large glass of brandy in her hand, into which the landlady was pouring some drops, which she said were excellent for the stomach.

Mrs. Dolly started so, when she saw George, that she threw down half her glass

of brandy. 'Bless us, child! I thought you were safe at the bowling-green,' said she.

'I saw every body going away,' answered George: 'so I thought it was time to look for you, and to go home.'

'But before you go, my dear little gentleman,' said the landlady, 'you must eat one of these tarts, for my sake.' As she spoke, she gave George a little tart: 'and here,' added she, 'you must drink my health too in something good. Don't be afraid, love; it's nothing that will hurt you: it is very sweet and nice.'

'It is wine, or spirits, of some sort or other, I know by the smell,' said George; 'and I will not drink it, thank you, ma'am.'

'The boy's a fool!' said Mrs. Dolly: 'but it's his mother's fault. She won't let him taste any thing stronger than water. But, now your mother's not by, you know,' said Mrs. Dolly, winking at the landlady, 'now your mother's not by.'—

'Yes, and nobody will tell of you,' added the landlady; 'so do what you like: drink it down, love.'

'No!' cried George, pushing away the

glass, which Mrs. Dolly held to his lips. 'No! no! no! I say. I will not do any thing, now my mother 's not by, that I would not do if she was here in this room.'

'Well; hush, hush; and do n't bawl so loud though,' said Mrs. Dolly; who saw, what George did not see, a gentleman that was standing at the door of a parlour opposite to them, and who could hear every thing that was saying at the bar.

'I say,' continued George, in a loud voice, 'mother told me she could trust me to take care of myself; and so I will take care of myself; and I am not a fool, no more is mother, I know; for she told me the reasons why it is not good to drink spirituous——' Mrs. Dolly pushed him away, without giving him time to finish his sentence, bidding him go and see whether the gig was ready; for it was time to be going home.

As George was standing in the yard, looking at the mechanism of the one-horse chaise, and observing how the horse was put to, somebody tapped him upon the shoulder, and, looking up, he saw a gentleman with a very good-natured countenance,

who smiled upon him, and asked him whether he was the little boy who had just been talking so loud in the bar?

'Yes, Sir,' says George. 'You seem to be a good little boy,' added he; 'and I liked what I heard you say very much. So you will not do any thing, when your mother is not by, that you would not do if she was here! Was not that what you said?'

'Yes, Sir; as well as I remember.'

'And who is your mother?' continued the gentleman. 'Where does she live?'

George told him his mother's name, and where she lived: and the gentleman said, 'I will call at your mother's house, as I go home, and tell her what I heard you say; and I will ask her to let you come to my house, where you will see a little boy of your own age, whom I should be very glad to have seen behave as well as you did just now.'

Mr. Belton, for that was the name of the gentleman who took notice of George, was a rich carpet-manufacturer. He had a country-house, near Paddington; and the acquaintance which was thus begun became a

source of great happiness to George. Mr. Belton lent him several entertaining books, and took him to see many curious things in London. Ellen was rejoiced to hear from him the praises of her son. All the pleasure of Ellen's life had, for some months past, depended upon this boy; for her husband was seldom at home, and the gloom that was spread over his countenance alarmed her, whenever she saw him. As for Mrs. Dolly, she was no companion for Ellen: her love of drinking had increased to such a degree that she could love nothing else; and, when she was not half intoxicated, she was in such low spirits that she sat (either on the side of her bed, or in her arm-chair, wrapped in a shawl) sighing, and crying, and see-sawing herself; and sometimes she complained to Maurice that Ellen did not care whether she was dead or alive; and at others that George had always something or other to do, and never liked to sit in her room and keep her company. Beside all this, she got into a hundred petty quarrels with the neighbours; who had a knack of remembering what she said when she was drunk, and appealing to

her for satisfaction when she was sober. Mrs. Dolly regularly expected that Ellen should, as she called it, stand her friend, in these altercations; to which Ellen could not always in justice consent. 'Ah!' said Ellen to herself one night, as she was sitting up late waiting for her husband's return home, 'it is not the having five thousand pounds that makes people happy! When Maurice loved to come home after his day's work to our little cottage, and when our George was his delight as he is mine, then I was light of heart: but now it is quite otherwise. However, there is no use in complaining, nor in sitting down to think upon melancholy things;' and Ellen started up and went to work, to mend one of her husband's waistcoats.

Whilst she was at this employment, she listened continually for the return of Maurice. The clock struck twelve, and one, and no husband came! She heard no noise in the street, when she opened her window; for every body but herself was in bed and asleep. At last she heard the sound of footsteps; but it was so dark that she could not see who the person was, who continued

walking backwards and forwards, just underneath the window.

'Is it you, Maurice? Are you there, Maurice?' said Ellen. The noise of the footsteps ceased, and Ellen again said—'Is it you, Maurice? Are you there?'

'Yes,' answered Maurice; 'it is I. Why are not you abed and asleep, at this time of night?'

'I am waiting for you,' replied Ellen.

'You need not wait for me; I have the key of the house-door in my pocket, and can let myself in whenever I choose it.'

'And don't you choose it now?' said Ellen.

'No. Shut down the window.'

Ellen shut the window, and went and sat down upon the side of her boy's bed. He was sleeping. Ellen, who could not sleep, took up her work again, and resolved to wait till her husband should come in. At last, the key turned in the house-door, and presently she heard her husband's steps, coming softly towards the room where she was sitting. He opened the door gently, as if he expected to find her asleep, and was afraid of awakening her. He started, when

he saw her; and, slouching his hat over his face, threw himself into a chair without speaking a single word. Something terrible has happened to him, surely! thought Ellen; and her hand trembled so that she could scarcely hold her needle, when she tried to go on working.

'What are you doing there, Ellen?' said he, suddenly pushing back his hat.

'I'm only mending your waistcoat, love,' said Ellen, in a faltering voice.

'I am a wretch! a fool! a miserable wretch!' exclaimed Maurice, starting up, and striking his forehead with violence, as he walked up and down the room.

'What can be the matter?' said Ellen. 'It is worse to me to see you, in this way, than to hear whatever misfortune has befallen you. Don't turn away from me, husband! Who in the world loves you so well as I do?'

'Oh, Ellen,' said he, letting her take his hand, but still turning away, 'you will hate me, when you know what I have done.'

'I cannot hate you, I believe,' said Ellen.

'We have not sixpence left in the

world!' continued Maurice vehemently. 'We must leave this house to morrow; we must sell all we have; I must go to jail, Ellen! you must work, all the rest of your days, harder than ever you did: and so must that poor boy, who lies sleeping yonder. He little thinks that his father has made a beggar of him; and that, whilst his mother was the best of mothers to him, his father was ruining him, her, and himself, with a pack of rascals at the gaming-table. Ellen, I have lost every shilling of our money!'

'Is that all,' said Ellen. 'That's bad; but I am glad that you have done nothing wicked. We can work hard and be happy again. Only promise me now, dear husband, that you will never game any more.'

Maurice threw himself upon his knees, and swore that he never, to the last hour of his life, would go to any gaming-table again, or play at any game of chance. Ellen then said all she could to soothe and console him; she persuaded him to take some rest, of which he was much in need; for his looks were haggard, and he seemed quite exhausted. He declared that he had not

had a night's good sleep for many months, since he had got into these difficulties by gaming. His mind had been kept in a continual flurry, and he seemed as if he had been living in a fever. 'The worst of it was, Ellen,' said he, 'I could not bear to see you or the boy, when I had been losing; so I went on, gaming deeper and deeper, in hopes of winning back what I had lost; and I now and then won, and they coaxed me and told me I was getting a run of luck, and it would be a sin to turn my back on good fortune. This way, I was 'ticed to go on playing, till, when I betted higher and higher, my luck left me; or, as I shrewdly suspect, the rascals did not play fair, and they won stake after stake, till they made me half mad, and I risked all I had left upon one throw, and lost it! And when I found I had lost all, and thought of coming home to you and our boy, I was ready to hang myself. Oh, Ellen, if you knew all I have felt! I would not live over again the last two years for this room full of gold!'

Such are the miserable feelings, and such the life, of a gamester!

Maurice slept for a few hours, or rather dozed, starting now and then, and talking of cards and dice, and sometimes grinding his teeth and clinching his hand, till he wakened himself by the violence with which he struck the side of the bed.

'I have had a terrible dream, wife,' said he, when he opened his eyes, and saw Ellen sitting beside him on the bed.—At first he did not recollect what had really happened; but, as Ellen looked at him with sorrow and compassion in her countenance, he gradually remembered all the truth; and, hiding his head under the bed-clothes, he said he wished he could sleep again, if it could be without dreaming such dreadful things.

It was in vain that he tried to sleep; so he got up, resolving to try whether he could borrow twenty guineas, from any of his friends, to pay the most pressing of his gaming companions. The first person he asked was Mrs. Dolly: she fell into a hysteric fit when she heard of his losses; and it was not till after she had swallowed a double dram of brandy that she was able to speak, and to tell him that she was the

worst person in the world he could have applied to; for that she was in the greatest distress herself, and all her dependence in this world was upon him.

Maurice stood in silent astonishment. 'Why, cousin,' said he, 'I thought and always believed that you had a power of money! you know, when you came to live with us, you told me so.'

'No matter what I told you,' said Mrs. Dolly. 'Folks can't live upon air. Yesterday the landlady of the public-house at the bowling-green, whom I'm sure I looked upon as my friend, but there's no knowing one's friends, sent me in a bill as long as my arm; and the apothecary here has another against me worse again; and the man at the livery-stables, for one horse *chays*, and jobs that I 'm sure I forgot ever having, comes and charges me the lord knows what; and then the grocer for tea and sugar; which I have been giving to folks from whom I have got no thanks. And then I have an account with the linen-draper, of I do n't know how much; but he has overcharged me, I know, scandalously, for my last three shawls. And then I have never paid for my set of tea

china, and half of the cups are broke; and the silver spoons, and I can't tell what besides.'

In short, Mrs. Dolly, who had never kept any account of what she spent, had no idea how far she was getting into a tradesman's debt till his bill was brought home; and was in great astonishment to find, when all her bills were sent in, that she had spent four hundred and fifty pounds in her private expenses, drinking included, in the course of three years and eight months. She had nothing left to live upon, but the interest of one hundred pounds; so that she was more likely to be a burden to Maurice than any assistance to him. He, however, was determined to go to a friend, who had frequently offered to lend him any sum of money he might want, and who had often been his partner at the gaming-table.

In his absence, Ellen and George began to take a list of all the furniture in the house, that it might be ready for a sale; and Mrs. Dolly sat in her arm chair, weeping and wailing.

'Oh! laud! laud! that I should live to see all this!' cried she. 'Ah, lack-a-daisy!

lack-a-daisy! lack-a-day! what will become of me! Oh, la! la! la! la!' Her lamentations were interrupted by a knock at the door. 'Hark! a knock, a double knock at the door,' cried Mrs. Dolly. 'Who is it? Ah, lack-a-day, when people come to know what has happened, it will be long enough before we have any more visitors; *long* enough before we hear any more double knocks at the door. Oh laud! laud! See who it is, George.'

It was Mr. Belton, who was come to ask George to go with him and his little nephew, to see some wild beasts at Exeter 'change: he was much surprised at the sorrowful faces of George and Ellen, whom he had always been used to see so cheerful; and inquired what misfortune had befallen them? Mrs. Dolly thought she could tell the story best, so she detailed the whole, with many piteous ejaculations; but the silent resignation of Ellen's countenance had much more effect upon Mr. Belton. 'George,' said he, 'must stay to finish the inventory he is writing for his mother.'

Mr. Belton was inquiring more particularly into the amount of Maurice's debts,

and the names of the persons to whom he had lost his money at the gaming-table, when the unfortunate man himself came home. 'No hope, Ellen!' cried he.—'No hope from any of those rascals that I thought my friends. No hope!'

He stopped short, seeing a stranger in the room, for Mr. Belton was a stranger to him. 'My husband can tell you the names of all the people,' said Ellen, 'who have been the ruin of us.' Mr. Belton then wrote them down from Maurice's information; and learned, from him, that he had lost to these sharpers upwards of three thousand eight hundred pounds in the course of three years; that, the last night he played, he had staked the goods in his shop, valued at 330 l., and lost them: that afterwards he staked the furniture of his house, valued at 160 l.; this also he lost, and so left the gaming-table without a farthing in the world.

'It is not my intention,' said Mr. Belton, 'to add to your present suffering, Mr. Robinson, by pointing out that it has arisen entirely from your own imprudence. Nor yet can I say that I feel much compassion

for you; for I have always considered a gamester as a most selfish being, who should be suffered to feel the terrible consequences of his own avaricious folly, as a warning to others.'

'Oh, Sir! Oh Mr. Belton!' cried Ellen, bursting now, for the first time, into tears, 'do not speak so harshly to Maurice.'

'To you I shall not speak harshly,' said Mr. Belton, his voice and looks changing: 'for I have the greatest compassion for such an excellent wife and mother. And I shall take care that neither you nor your son, whom you have taken such successful pains to educate, shall suffer by the folly and imprudence in which you had no share. As to the ready money which your husband has lost and paid to these sharpers, it is, I fear, irrecoverable; but the goods in your shop, and the furniture in your house, I will take care shall not be touched. I will go immediately to my attorney, and direct him to inquire into the truth of all I have been told, and to prosecute these villains for keeping a gaming-table, and playing at unlawful games. Finish that inventory which you are making out, George, and give it to

me: I will have the furniture in your house, Ellen, valued by an appraiser, and will advance you money to the amount, on which you may continue to live in comfort and credit, trusting to your industry and integrity to repay me in small sums, as you find it convenient, out of the profits of your shop.'

'Oh, Sir!' cried Maurice, clasping his hands with a strong expression of joy, 'Thank you! Thank you from the bottom of my soul! Save her from misery, save the boy, and let me suffer as I ought for my folly.'

Mr. Belton, in spite of his contempt for gamesters, was touched by Maurice's repentance; but, keeping a steady countenance, replied in a firm tone, 'Suffering for folly does nobody any good, unless it makes them wiser in future.'

CHAPTER III.

Mrs. Dolly, who had been unaccountably awed to silence by Mr. Belton's manner of

speaking and looking, broke forth the moment he had left the house. 'Very genteel indeed! though he might have taken more notice of me. See what it is, George, to have the luck of meeting with good friends.'

'See what it is to deserve good friends, George,' said Ellen.

'You 'll all remember, I hope,' said Mrs. Dolly, raising her voice, 'that it was I who was the first and foremost cause of all this, by taking George along with me to the tea-drinking at the bowling-green, where he first got acquainted with Mr. Belton.'

'Mr. Belton would never have troubled his head about such a little boy as George,' said Ellen, 'if it had not been for—you know what I mean, Mrs. Dolly. All I wish to say is, that George's own good behaviour was the cause of our getting acquainted with this good friend.'

'And I am sure you were the cause, mother,' said George, 'of what you call my good behaviour.'

Mrs. Dolly, somewhat vexed at this turn, changed the conversation, saying, 'Well, 'tis no matter how we made such a good acquaintance, let us make the most of him,

and drink his health, as becomes us, after dinner. And now, I suppose, all will go on as usual: none of our acquaintance in Paddington need know any thing of what has happened.'

Ellen, who was very little solicitous about what Mrs. Dolly's acquaintance in Paddington might think, observed that, so far from going on as usual, now they were living on borrowed money, it was fit they should retrench all their expenses, and give up the drawing-room and parlour of the house to lodgers. 'So, then, we are to live like shabby wretches, for the rest of our days!' cried Mrs. Dolly.

'Better live like what we are, poor but industrious people,' replied Ellen; 'and then we shall never be forced to do any thing shabby.'

'Ay, Ellen, you are, as you always are, in the right; and all I desire now, in this world, is to make up for the past, and to fall to work in some way or other; for idleness was what first led me to the gaming-table.'

Mrs. Dolly opposed these good resolutions, and urged Maurice to send George

to Mr. Belton, to beg him to lend them some more money. 'Since he is in the humour to be generous, and since he has taken a fancy to us,' said she, 'why not take him at his word, and make punch whilst the water's hot?'

But all that Mrs. Dolly said was lost upon Ellen, who declared that she would never be so mean as to encroach upon such a generous friend; and Maurice protested that nothing that man, woman, or devil could say should persuade him to live in idleness another year. He sent George the next morning to Mr. Belton, with a letter, requesting that he would procure employment for him, and stating what he thought himself fit for. Amongst other things, he mentioned that he could keep accounts. That he could write a good hand was evident, from his letter. Mr. Belton, at this time, wanted a clerk in his manufactory; and, upon Maurice's repeating his promise never more to frequent the gaming-table, Mr. Belton, after a trial, engaged him as his clerk, at a salary of 50l. per annum.

Every thing now went on well, for some

months. Maurice, on whom his wife's kindness had made a deep impression, became thoroughly intent upon his business, and anxious to make her some amends for his past follies. His heart was now at ease: he came home, after his day's work at the counting-house, with an open, cheerful countenance; and Ellen was perfectly happy. They sold all the furniture, that was too fine for their present way of life, to the new lodgers, who took the drawing-room and front parlour of their house; and lived on the profits of their shop; which, being well attended, was never in want of customers.

One night, at about ten o'clock, as little George was sitting, reading the history of Sandford and Merton, in which he was much interested, he was roused by a loud knocking at the house door. He ran to open it: but how much was he shocked at the sight he beheld! It was Mrs. Dolly! her leg broken, and her skull fractured!

Ellen had her brought in, and laid upon a bed, and a surgeon was immediately sent for. When Maurice inquired how this terrible accident befel Mrs. Dolly, the ac-

count he received was, that she was riding home from the bowling-green public-house, much intoxicated; that she insisted upon stopping to get a glass of peppermint and brandy for her stomach; that, seeing she had drunk too much already, every thing possible was done to prevent her from taking any more: but she would not be advised: she said she knew best what agreed with her constitution, so she alighted and took the brandy and peppermint: and when she was to get upon her horse again, not being in her right senses, she insisted upon climbing up by a gate that was on the road side, instead of going, as she was advised, to a bank that was a little further on. The gate was not steady, the horse being pushed moved, and she fell, broke her leg, and fractured her skull!

She was a most shocking spectacle, when she was brought home. At first, she was in great agony; but she afterwards fell into a sort of stupor, and lay speechless.

The surgeon arrived: he set her leg, and, during this operation, she came to her senses, but it was only the sensibility of pain. She was then trepanned: but all

was to no purpose: she died that night; and, of all the friends, as she called them, who used to partake in her tea-drinkings and merry-makings, not one said more, when they heard of her death, than 'Ah, poor Mrs. Dolly! she was always fond of a comfortable glass: 'twas a pity it was the death of her at last.'

Several tradesmen, to whom she died in debt, were very loud in their complaints; and the landlady, at the bowling-green, did not spare her memory. She went so far as to say, that *it was a shame such a drunken quean should have a christian burial!* What little clothes Mrs. Dolly left at her death were given up to her creditors. She had owed Maurice ten guineas, ever since the first month of their coming to Paddington; and, when she was on her death-bed, during one of the intervals that she was in her senses, she beckoned to Maurice, and told him, in a voice scarcely intelligible, he would find in her left-hand pocket, what she hoped would pay him the ten guineas he had lent to her. However, upon searching this pocket, no money was to be found, except sixpence in halfpence: nor was there

any thing of value about her. They turned the pocket inside out, and shook it; they opened every paper that came out of it, but these were all old bills. Ellen at last examined a new shawl, which had been thrust into this pocket, and which was all crumpled up: she observed that one of the corners was doubled down, and pinned; and, upon taking out the yellow crooked pin, she discovered, under the corner of the shawl, a bit of paper, much soiled with snuff, and stained with liquor. 'How it smells of brandy!' said Ellen, as she opened it. 'What is it, Maurice?'

'It is not a bank note. It is a lottery ticket, I do believe!' cried Maurice. 'Ay, that it is! She put into the lottery without letting us know any thing of the matter. Well, as she said, perhaps this may pay me my ten guineas, and overpay me, who knows! We were lucky with our last ticket; and why should not we be as lucky with this, or luckier? Hey, Ellen? We might have ten thousand pounds or twenty thousand pounds this time instead of five, why not? Hey, Ellen?' But Maurice observing that Ellen looked grave, and was

not much charmed with the lottery ticket, suddenly changed his tone, and said, 'Now do n't you, Ellen, go to think that my head will run on nothing but this here lottery ticket. It will make no difference on earth in me: I shall mind my business just as well as if there was no such thing, I promise you, If it come up a prize, well and good: and, if it come up a blank, why, well and good too. So do you keep the ticket, and I shall never think more about it, Ellen. Only, before you put it by, just let me look at the number. What makes you smile?'

'I smiled only because I think I know you better than you know yourself. But, perhaps, that should not make me smile,' said Ellen; and she gave a deep sigh.

'Now, wife, why will you sigh? I can't bear to hear you sigh,' said Maurice, angrily. 'I tell you I know myself, and have a right to know myself, I say, a great deal better than you do; and so none of your sighs, wife.'

Ellen rejoiced to see that his pride worked upon him in this manner; and mildly told him she was very glad to find he

thought so much about her sighs. 'Why,' said Maurice, 'you are not one of those wives that are always taunting and scolding their husbands; and that's the reason, I take it, why a look or a word from you goes so far with me.' He paused for a few moments, keeping his eyes fixed upon the lottery ticket; then, snatching it up, he continued: 'This lottery ticket may tempt me to game again; for, as William Deane said, putting into the lottery is gaming, and the worst sort of gaming. So, Ellen, I'll show you that, though I was a fool once, I'll never be a fool again. All your goodness was not thrown away upon me. I'll go and sell this lottery ticket immediately at the office, for whatever it is worth: and you'll give me a kiss when I come home again, I know, Ellen.'

Maurice, pleased with his own resolution, went directly to the lottery-office to sell his ticket. He was obliged to wait some time; for the place was crowded with persons who came to inquire after tickets, which they had ensured.

Many of these ignorant imprudent poor people had hazarded guinea after guinea,

till they found themselves overwhelmed with debt: and their liberty, character, and existence, depending on the turning of the wheel. What anxious faces did Maurice behold! How many he heard, as they went out of the office, curse their folly for having put into the lottery!

He pressed forward to sell his ticket! How rejoiced he was when he had parted with this dangerous temptation, and when he had received seventeen guineas in hand, instead of anxious hopes! How different were his feelings at this instant, from those of many that were near him! He stood to contemplate the scene. Here he saw a poor maid servant, with scarcely clothes to cover her, who was stretching her thin neck across the counter, and asking the clerk, in a voice of agony, whether *her* ticket, number 45, was come up yet.

'Number 45?' answered the clerk, with the most careless air imaginable. 'Yes,' (turning over the leaves of his book:)—'Number 45, you say—Yes: it was drawn yesterday—a blank.' The wretched woman clasped her hands, and burst into tears, exclaiming, 'Then I'm undone!'

Nobody seemed to have time to attend to her. A man servant, in livery, pushed her away, saying, 'You have your answer, and have no more business here, stopping the way. Pray, Sir, is number 336, the ticket I've * insured so high, come up to day?'

'Yes, Sir—blank.' At the word blank, the disappointed footman poured forth a volley of oaths, declaring that he should be in jail before night; to all which the lottery-office keeper only answered, 'I can't help it, Sir; I can't help it. It is not my fault. Nobody is forced to put into the lottery, Sir. Nobody's obliged to ensure, Sir. 'T was your own choice, Sir. Don't blame me.'

Meanwhile, a person behind the footman, repeating the words he had addressed to the poor woman, cried, 'You have your answer, Sir: don't stop the way.'

Maurice was particularly struck with the agitated countenance of one man, who seemed as if the suspense of his mind had entirely bereaved him of all recollection. When he was pressed forward by the

* This was written before the late act of parliament against insuring in lotteries.

crowd, and found himself opposite to the clerk, he was asked twice, 'What's your business, Sir?' before he could speak; and then could only utter the words—number 7? 'Still in the wheel,' was the answer. 'Our messenger is not yet returned from Guildhall, with news of what has been drawn this last hour. If you will call again at three, we can answer you.' The man seemed to feel this as a reprieve; but, as he was retiring, there came one with a slip of paper in his hand. This was the messenger from Guildhall, who handed the paper to the clerk. He read aloud, 'Number 7. Were you not inquiring for number 7, Sir?'

'Yes,' said the pale trembling man.

'Number 7 is just come up, Sir—a blank.'

At the fatal word blank, the man fell flat upon his face in a swoon. Those near him lifted him out into the street, for air.

'Here, Sir; you are going without your change, after waiting for it so long,' cried the clerk to Maurice; who, touched with compassion for the man who had just fallen, was following those who were carrying him out. When he got into the street, Mau-

rice saw the poor creature sitting on a stone, supported by a hackney-coachman, who held some vinegar to his nose, at the same time asking him if he did not want a coach?

'A coach! Oh, no,' said the man, as he opened his eyes. 'I have not a farthing of money in the world.' The hackney-coachman swore that was a sad case, and ran across the street to offer his services where they could be paid for: 'A coach, if you want one, Sir. Heavy rain coming on,' said he, looking at the silver, which he saw through the half-closed fingers of Maurice's hand.

'Yes, I want a coach,' said Maurice; and bade the coachman draw up to the stone, where the poor man who had swooned was sitting. Maurice was really a good-natured fellow; and he had peculiar pity for the anguish this man seemed to feel, because he recollected what he had suffered himself, when he had been ruined at the gaming-table.

'You are not able to walk: here is a coach; I will go your way and set you down, Sir,' said Maurice.

The unfortunate man accepted this offer. As they went along he sighed bitterly, and once said, with great vehemence, 'Curse these lotteries! Curse these lotteries!' Maurice now rejoiced, more than ever, at having conquered his propensity to gaming, and at having sold his ticket.

When they came opposite to a hosier's shop, in Oxford-street, the stranger thanked him, and desired to be set down. 'This is my home,' said he; 'or this was my home, I ought to say,' pointing to his shop as he let down the coach-glass. 'A sad warning example I am! But I am troubling you, Sir, with what no way concerns you. I thank you, Sir, for your civility,' added he, turning away from Maurice to hide the tears which stood in his eyes: 'good day to you.'

He then prepared to get out of the coach; but, whilst the coachman was letting down the step, a gentleman came out of the hosier's shop to the door, and cried, 'Mr. Fulham, I am glad you are come at last. I have been waiting for you this half hour, and was just going away.' Maurice pulled aside the flap of the hosier's coat, as he was

getting out, that he might peep at the gentleman who spoke; the voice was so like William Deane's that he was quite astonished.—'It is! It is William Deane!' cried Maurice, jumping out of the coach and shaking hands with his friend.

William Deane, though now higher in the world than Robinson, was heartily glad to see him again, and to renew their old intimacy. 'Mr. Fulham,' said he, turning to the hosier, 'excuse me to day; I 'll come and settle accounts with you to morrow.'

On their way to Paddington, Maurice related to his friend all that had passed, since they parted; how his good luck in the lottery tempted him to try his fortune at the gaming-table; how he was cheated by sharpers, and reduced to the brink of utter ruin; how kind Ellen was towards him in this distress; how he was relieved by Mr. Belton, who was induced to assist him from regard to Ellen and little George; how Mrs. Dolly drank herself into ill health, which would soon have killed her if she had not, in a drunken fit, shortened the business, by fracturing her skull; and, lastly,

how she left him a lottery ticket, which he had just sold, lest it should be the cause of fresh imprudence. 'You see,' added Maurice, 'I do not forget all you said to me about lotteries.—Better take good advice late than never. But now, tell me your history.'

'No,' replied William Deane; 'that I shall keep till we are all at dinner; Ellen and you, I and my friend George, who I hope has not forgotten me.' He was soon convinced that George had not forgotten him, by the joy he shewed at seeing him again.

At dinner, William Deane informed them that he was become a rich man, by having made an improvement in the machinery of the cotton-mills, which, after a great deal of perseverance, he had brought to succeed in practice. 'When I say that I am a rich man,' continued he, 'I mean richer than ever I expected to be. I have a share in the cotton-mill, and am worth about two thousand pounds.'

'Ay,' said Maurice, 'you have trusted to your own sense and industry; and not to gaming and lotteries.'

'I am heartily rejoiced you have nothing more to do with them,' said William Deane: 'but all this time you forget that I am your debtor. You lent me five guineas at a season when I had nothing. The books I bought with your money helped me to knowledge, without which I should never have got forward. Now I have a scheme for my little friend George, that will, I hope, turn out to your liking. You say he is an intelligent, honest, industrious lad; and that he understands book-keeping, and writes a good hand: I am sure he is much obliged to you for giving him a good education.'

'To his mother, there, he 's obliged for it all,' said Maurice.

'Without it,' continued William Deane, 'I might wish him very well; but I could do little or nothing for him. But, as I was going to tell you, that unfortunate man, whom you brought to his own door in the hackney coach to day, Maurice, is a hosier, who had as good a business as most in the city; but he has ruined himself entirely by gaming. He is considerably in our debt for cotton, and I am to settle accounts with

him to morrow, when he is to give up all his concerns into my hands, in behalf of his brother, who has commissioned me to manage the business, and dissolve the partnership; as he cannot hazard himself, even out of friendship for a brother, with one that has taken to gaming. Now, my friend, the elder Fulham is a steady man, and is in want of a good lad for an apprentice. With your leave, I will speak to him, and get him to take George; and, as to the fee, I will take care and settle that for you. I am glad I have found you all out at last. No thanks, pray. Recollect, I am only paying my old debts.'

As William Deane desired to have no thanks, we shall omit the recital of those which he received, both in words and looks. We have only to inform our readers, further, that George was bound apprentice to the hosier; that he behaved as well as might be expected, from his excellent education; that Maurice continued, in Mr. Belton's service, to conduct himself so as to secure the confidence and esteem of his master; and that he grew fonder and fonder of home, and of Ellen, who enjoyed the de-

lightful reflection that she had effected the happiness of her husband, and her son.

May equal happiness attend every such good wife and mother! And may every man, who, like Maurice, is tempted to be a gamester, reflect that a good character, and domestic happiness, which cannot be won in any lottery, are worth more than the five thousand, or even the ten thousand pounds prize, let any Mrs. Dolly in Christendom say what she will to the contrary.

Sept. 1799.

ROSANNA.

ROSANNA.

CHAPTER I.

THERE are two sorts of content; one is connected with exertion, the other with habits of indolence: the first is a virtue, the second a vice. Examples of both may be found in abundance in Ireland. There you may sometimes see a man, in sound health, submitting day after day to evils which a few hours' labour would remedy: and you are provoked to hear him say:

'It will do well enough for me. Did n't it do for my father before me? I can make a shift with things for my time: any how, I'm content.'

This kind of content is indeed the bane of industry. But instances of a different sort may be found, in various of the Irish peasantry. Amongst them we may behold men struggling with adversity, with all the strongest powers of mind, and

body; and supporting irremediable evils, with a degree of cheerful fortitude which must excite at once our pity and admiration.

In a pleasant village in the province of Leinster there lives a family of the name of Gray. Whether or not they are any way related to old Robin Gray, history does not determine; but it is very possible that they are, because they came, it is said, originally, from the north of Ireland, and one of the sons is actually called Robin. Leaving this point, however, in the obscurity which involves the early history of the most ancient and illustrious families, we proceed to less disputable and perhaps more useful facts. It is well known, that is by all his neighbours, that farmer Gray began life with no very encouraging prospects: he was the youngest of a large family, and the portion of his father's property that fell to his share was but just sufficient to maintain his wife and three children. At his father's death, he had but one hundred pounds in ready money, and he was obliged to go into a poor mud-walled cabin, facing the door of which there

was a green pool of stagnant water; and before the window, of one pane, a dunghill that, reaching to the thatch of the roof, shut out the light, and filled the house with the most noisome smell. The ground sloped towards the house door; so that in rainy weather, when the pond was full, the kitchen was overflowed; and at all times the floor was so damp and soft, that the print of the nails of brogues was left in it, wherever the wearer set down his foot. To be sure these nail-marks could scarcely be seen, except just near the door, or where the light of the fire immediately shone; because, elsewhere, the smoke was so thick, that the pig might have been within a foot of you without your seeing him. The former inhabitants of this mansion had, it seems, been content without a chimney; and, indeed, almost without a roof; the couples and purloins of the roof, having once given way, had never been repaired, and swagged down by the weight of the thatch, so that the ends threatened the wigs of the unwary.

The prospect without doors was scarcely more encouraging to our hero than the

scene within: the farm consisted of about forty acres; and the fences of the grazing-land were so bad, that the neighbours' cattle took possession of it frequently by day, and always by night. The tillage-ground had been so ill managed by his predecessor, that the land was what is called quite out of heart.

If farmer Gray had also been out of heart, he and his family might at this hour have been beggars. His situation was thought desperate by many of his neighbours; and a few days after his father's decease, many came to condole with him. Amongst the rest was easy Simon; or, as some called him, soft Simon, on account of his unresisting disposition, and contented, or, as we should rather name it, reckless temper. He was a sort of a half or a half quarter gentleman, had a small patrimony of a hundred or a hundred and fifty pounds a year, a place in the excise worth fifty more, and a mill, which might have been worth another hundred annually, had it not been suffered to stand still for many a year.

'Wheugh! Wheugh! What a bustle

we are in! and what a world of trouble is here!' cried Simon, when he came to Gray's house, and found him on the ladder taking off the decayed thatch; whilst one of his sons, a lad of about fourteen, was hard at work filling a cart from the dunghill, which blockaded the window. His youngest son, a boy of twelve, with a face and neck red with heat, was making a drain to carry off the water from the green pond; and Rose, the sister, a girl of ten years old, was collecting the ducks, which her mother was going to carry to her landlord's to sell.

'Wheugh! Wheugh! Wheugh! Why what a world of bustle and trouble is here! Troth, Jemmy Gray, you're in a bad way sure enough! Poor cratur! Poor cratur!'

'No man,' replied Gray, 'deserves to be called poor, that has his health and the use of his limbs. Besides,' continued he, 'have not I a good wife and good children; and, with those blessings, has not a man sufficient reason to be content?'

'Ay, to be sure: that's the only way to get through this world,' said Simon; 'whatever comes, just to take it easy, and be con-

tent. Content, and a warm chimney corner is all in all, according to my notion.'

'Yes, Simon,' said Gray, laughing: 'but your kind of content would never do for me. Content, that sits down in the chimney corner, and does nothing but smoke his pipe, will soon have the house about his ears; and then what will become of Content?'

'Time enough to think of that when it comes,' said Simon; 'fretting never propped a house yet; and, if it did, I would rather see it fall than fret.'

'But could not you prop the house,' said Gray, 'without fretting?'

'Is it by putting my shoulders to it?' said Simon. 'My shoulders have never been used to hard work, and don't like it any way. As long as I can eat, drink, and sleep, and have a coat to my back, what matter for the rest? Let the world go as it will, I'm content. Shoo! Shoo! The button is off the neck of this great coat of mine, and how *will* I keep it on? A pin sure will do as well as a button, and better. Mrs. Gray, or Miss Rose, I'll thank you kindly for a pin.'

He stuck the pin in the place of the button, to fasten the great coat round his throat, and walked off: it pricked his chin about a dozen times before the day was over; but he forgot the next day, and the next, and the next, to have the button sewed on. He was content to make shift, as he called it, with the pin. This is precisely the species of content which leads to beggary.

Not such the temper of our friend Gray. Not an inconvenience that he could remedy, by industry or ingenuity, was he content to endure; but necessary evils he bore with unshaken patience and fortitude. His house was soon new roofed and new thatched; the dunghill was removed, and spread over that part of his land which most wanted manure; the putrescent water of the standing pool was drained off, and fertilised a meadow; and the kitchen was never again overflowed in rainy weather, because the labour of half a day made a narrow trench which carried off the water. The prints of the shoe-nails were no longer visible in the floor; for the two boys trod dry mill seeds into the clay, and beat the floor well, till they rendered it quite hard and even. The rooms also

were cleared of smoke, for Gray built a chimney; and the kitchen window, which had formerly been stuffed up, when the wind blew too hard, with an old or new hat, was glazed. There was now light in the house. Light! The great friend of cleanliness and order. The pig could now no longer walk in and out, unseen and unreproved; he ceased to be an inmate of the kitchen.

The kitchen was indeed so altered from what it had been, during the reign of the last master, that he did not know it again. It was not in the least like a pig-stye. The walls were white-washed; and shelves were put up, on which clean wooden and pewter utensils were ranged. There were no heaps of forlorn rubbish in the corners of the room; nor even an old basket or a blanket, or a cloak, or a great coat thrown down, just for a minute, out of the girl's way. No: Rose was a girl who always put every thing in its place; and she found it almost as easy to hang a coat, or a cloak, upon a peg, as to throw it down on the floor. She thought it as convenient to put the basket and turf-kish out of her way, when her brothers had

brought in the potatoes and fuel, as to let them lie in the middle of the kitchen, to be stumbled over by herself and her mother, or to be gnawed and clawed by cat and dog. These may seem trifles, unworthy the notice of the historian; but trifles such as these contribute much to the comfort of a poor family, and therefore deserve a place in their simple annals.

It was matter of surprise and censure, to some of farmer Gray's neighbours, that he began by laying out it could not be less than ten pounds (a great sum for him!) on his house and garden at the first setting out; when, to be sure, the land would have paid him better if the money had been laid out there. And why could not he make a shift to live on in the old cabin, for a while, as others had done before his time well enough? A poor man should be *contented* with a poor house. Where was the use, said they, of laying out the good ready penny in a way that would bring nothing in?

Farmer Gray calculated that he could not have laid out his money to better advantage; for, by these ten pounds, he had probably

saved his wife, his children, and himself, from a putrid fever, or from the rheumatism. The former inhabitants of this house, who had been content to live with the dung-hill close to the window, and the green pool overflowing the kitchen, and the sharp wind blowing in through the broken panes, had, in the course of a few years, lost their health. The father of the family had been crippled by the rheumatism, two children died of the fever, and the mother had such an inflammation in her eyes that she could not see to work, spin, or do any thing. Now the whole that was lost by the family sickness, the doctor's bill, and the burying of the two children, all together, came in three years to nearly three times ten pounds. Therefore Mr. Gray was, if we only consider money, a very prudent man. What could he or any body do, without health? Money is not the first thing to be thought of in this world; for there are many things that money cannot buy, and health is one of them. 'Health can make money, but money cannot make health,' said our wise farmer. 'And then, for the value of a few shillings, say pounds, we have light to see

what we are doing, and shelves, and a press to hold our clothes in. Why now this will be all so much saved to us, by and by; for the clothes will last the longer, and the things about us will not go to wreck; and, when I and the boys can come home after our day's work to a house like this, we may be content.'

Having thus ensured, as far as it was in his power, health, cleanliness and comfort in his house, our hero and his sons turned their attention to the farm. They set about to repair all the fences; for the boys, though they were young, were able to help their father in the farm: they were willing to work, and happy to work with him. John, the eldest lad, could set potatoes, and Robin was able to hold the plough: so that Gray did not hire any servant-boy to help him; nor did Mrs. Gray hire a maid. 'Rose and I,' said she, 'can manage very well to look after the two cows, and milk them, and make the butter, and get something too by our spinning. We must do without servants, and may be happy and content to serve ourselves.'

'Times will grow better; that is, we shall

make them better every year: we must have the roughest first,' said Gray.

The first year, to be sure, it was rough enough; and, do what they could, they could not do more than make the rent of the farm, which rent amounted to forty pounds. The landlord was a Mr. Hopkins, an agent to a gentleman who resided in England. Mr. Hopkins insisted upon having the rent paid up to the day, and so it was. Gray contented himself by thinking that this was perhaps for the best. 'When the rent is once paid,' said he, 'it cannot be called for again, and I am in no man's power; that 's a great comfort. To be sure, if the half year's rent was left in my hands for a few months, it might have been of service: but it is better not to be under an obligation to such a man as Mr. Hopkins, who would make us pay for it, in some shape or other, when we least expected it.'

Mr. Hopkins was what is called in Ireland a middle-man; one that takes land, from great proprietors, to set it again at an advanced, and often an exorbitant, price to the poor. Gray had his land at a fair rent, because it was not from Mr. Hopkins his

father had taken the lease; but from the gentleman to whom this man was agent. Mr. Hopkins designed to buy the land, which Gray farmed; and he therefore wished to make it appear as unprofitable as possible to his landlord, who, living in England, knew but little of his own estate. 'If these Grays don't pay the rent,' said he to his *driver*, 'pound their cattle, and sell at the end of eight days. If they break and run away, I shall have the land clear, and may make a compliment of it to tenants and friends of my own, after it comes into my hands.'

He was rather disappointed, when the rent was paid to the day. 'But,' said he, 'it won't be so next year: the man is laying out his money on the ground, on draining and fencing, and that won't pay suddenly. We 'll leave the rent in his hands for a year, or so, and bring down an ejectment upon him, if he once gets into our power, as he surely will. Then, all that he has done to the house will be so much in my way. What a fool he was to lay out his money so.'

It happened, however, that the money

which Gray had laid out in making his house comfortable, and neat, was of the greatest advantage to him; and at a time, and in a way, which he least expected. His cottage was within sight of the high road, that led to a town from which it was about a mile distant. A regiment of English arrived, to be quartered in the town; and the wives of some of the soldiers came a few hours after their husbands. One of these women, a sergeant's wife, was taken suddenly in labour, before they reached the town; and the soldier, who conducted the baggage-cart in which she was, drew up to the first amongst a row of miserable cabins, that were by the road side, to ask the people if they would give her lodging: but the sick woman was shocked at the sight of the smoke and dirt of this cabin, and begged to be carried on to the neat white-washed cottage that she saw at a little distance.—This was Gray's house.

His wife received the stranger with the greatest kindness and hospitality; she was able to offer her a neat bed, and a room that was perfectly dry and clean. The sergeant's wife was brought to bed soon after her ar-

rival, and remained with Mrs. Gray till she recovered her strength. She was grateful for the kindness that was shown to her by Mrs. Gray; and so was her husband, the sergeant. He came one evening to the cottage, and in his blunt English fashion said,

'Mr. Gray, you know I, or my wife, which is the same thing, have cause to be obliged to you, or your wife, which comes also to the same thing: now one good turn deserves another. Our colonel has ordered me, I being quarter-master, to sell off by auction some of the cast horses belonging to the regiment: now I have bought in the best for a trifle, and have brought him here, with me, to beg you 'll accept of him, by way of some sort of a return for the civilities you and your wife, that being, as I said, the same thing, showed me and mine.'

Gray replied he was obliged to him for this offer of the horse, but that he could not think of accepting it: that he was very glad his wife had been able to show any kindness or hospitality to a stranger; but that, as they did not keep a public-house, they could not take any thing in the way of payment.

The sergeant was more and more pleased by farmer Gray's generosity. 'Well,' said he, 'I heard, before I came to Ireland, that the Irish were the most hospitable people on the face of the earth; and so I find it come true, and I shall always say so, wherever I'm quartered hereafter. And now do pray answer me, is there any the least thing I can ever do to oblige you? for, if the truth must be told of me, I don't like to lie under an obligation, any more than another, where I can help it.'

'To shew you that I do not want to lay you under one,' said Gray, 'I'll tell you how you can do as much for me, and ten times as much, as I have done for you; and this without hurting yourself or any of your employers a penny.'

'Say how, and it shall be done.'

'By letting me have the dung of the barracks, which will make my land and me rich, without making you poorer; for I'll give you the fair price, whatever it is. I don't ask you to wrong your employers of a farthing.'

The sergeant promised this should be done, and rejoiced that he had found some

means of serving his friend. Gray covered ten acres with the manure brought from the barrack; and the next year these acres were in excellent heart. This was sufficient for the grazing of ten cows: he had three, and he bought seven more; and, with what remained of his hundred pounds, after paying for the cows, he built a shed and a cow-house. His wife and daughter, Rose, who was now about fourteen, were excellent managers of the dairy. They made, by butter and butter-milk, about four pounds each cow within the year. The butter they salted and took to market, at the neighbouring town; the butter-milk they sold to the country people, who, according to the custom of the neighbourhood, came to the house for it.

Beside this, they reared five calves, which, at a year old, they sold for fifteen guineas and a half. The dairy did not, however, employ all the time of this industrious mother and daughter; they had time for spinning, and by this cleared six guineas. They also made some little matter by poultry; but that was only during the first year: afterward Mr. Hopkins sent notice that

they must pay all the *duty-fowl*, and *duty-geese*, and *turkies*,* charged in the lease, or compound with him by paying two guineas a year. This gentleman had many methods of squeezing money out of poor tenants; and he was not inclined to spare the Grays, whose farm he now more than ever wished to possess; because its value had been considerably increased, by the judicious industry of the farmer, and his sons.

Young as they were, both farmer Gray's sons had a share in these improvements. The eldest had drained a small field, which used to be called the rushy field, from its having been quite covered with rushes. Now, there was not a rush to be found upon it, and his father gave him the profits of the field, and said that it should be called by his name. Robin, the youngest son, had, by his father's advice, tried a little experiment, which many of his neighbours ridiculed at first, and admired at last. The spring, which used to supply the duck-pond, that often flooded the house, was at the

* See a very curious anecdote in the Statistical Survey of the Queen's County.

head of a meadow, that sloped with a fall sufficient to let the water run off. Robin flooded the meadow, at the proper season of the year; and it produced afterward a crop such as never had been seen there before. His father called this meadow Robin's meadow, and gave him the value of the hay that was made upon it.

'Now, my dear boys,' said this good father, 'you have made a few guineas for yourselves; and here are a few more for you, all that I can spare; let us see what you can do with this money. I shall take a pride in seeing you get forward by your own industry, and cleverness; I don't want you to slave for me all your best days; but shall always be ready, as a father should be, to give you a helping hand.'

The sons had scarcely a word in answer to this, for their hearts were full; but that night, when they were by themselves, one said to the other,

'Brother, did you see Jack Reel's letter to his father? They say he has sent home ten guineas to him. Is there any truth in it, think you?'

'Yes; I saw the letter, and a kinder

never was written from son to father.* The ten guineas I saw paid into the old man's hand; and, at that same minute, I wished it was I that was doing the same by my own father.'

'That was just what I was thinking of, when I asked you if you saw the letter. Why, Jack Reel had nothing, when he went abroad, with the army to Egypt, last year. Well, I never had a liking myself to follow the drum: but it's almost enough to tempt one to it. If I thought I could send home ten guineas to my father, I would 'list to morrow.'

'That would not be well done of you, Robin,' said John; 'for my father would rather have *you*, a great deal, than the ten guineas, I am sure: to say nothing of my poor mother, and Rose, and myself, who would be sorry enough to hear of your being knocked on the head, as is the fate, sooner or later, of them that follow the army. Besides, I do n't relish the trade of blood. I would rather be of any other trade, for my part. I would rather be any

* This is fact.

of the trades that hurt nobody, and do good to a many along with myself, as father said, t'other day. Then, what a man makes so, he makes with a safe conscience, and he can enjoy it.'

'You are right, John, and I was wrong to talk of *'listing*,' said Robin: 'but it was only Jack Reel's letter, and the ten guineas sent to his father, that put it into my head. As you say, any trade is better than the trade of blood. I may make as much for my father by staying at home, and minding my business. So now, good night to you; I'll go to sleep, and we can talk more about it all to morrow.'

The next morning, as these two youths were setting potatoes for the family, and considering to what they should turn their hands when the potatoes were all set, they were interrupted by a little *gossoon*, who came running up as hard as he could, crying:

'Murder! Murder! Simon O'Dougherty wants you. For the love of God, cross the bog in all haste, to help pull out his horse, that has tumbled into the old tan-pit, there beyond, in the night.'

The two brothers immediately followed the boy, carrying with them a rope and a halter; as they guessed that *soft Simon* would not have either. They found him wringing his hands beside the tan-pit, in which his horse lay smothering. A little ragged boy was tugging at the horse's head, with a short bit of hay-rope. 'Oh, murder! murder! What *will* I do for a halter? Sure the horse will be lost, for want of a halter; and where in the wide world *will* I look for one,' cried Simon, without stirring one inch from the spot. 'Oh, the blessing of Heaven be with you, lads,' continued he, turning at the sight of the Grays; 'You 've brought us a halter. But see! it 's just over with the poor beast. All the world put together will not get him alive out of that. I must put up with the loss, and be content. He cost me fifteen good guineas, and he could leap better than any horse in the county. Oh, what a pity on him! what a pity! But, take it easy; that 's all we have for it! Poor *cratur!* Poor *cratur!*'

Without listening to Simon's lamentations, the active lads, by the help of Simon and the two boys, pulled the horse out of

the pit. The poor animal was nearly exhausted by struggling; but, after some time, he stretched himself, and, by degrees, recovered sufficiently to stand. One of his legs, however, was so much hurt that he could scarcely walk; and Simon said he would surely go lame for life.

'Who now would ever have thought of his straying into such an ugly place, of all others,' continued he; 'I know, for my share, the spot is so overgrown with grass and rubbish, of one kind or other, and it 's so long since any of the tanning business was going on here, in my uncle O'Haggarty's time, that I quite forgot there were such things as tan-pits, or any manner of pits, in my possession; and I wish these had been far enough off, before my own little famous Sir Hyacinth O'Brien had strayed into them, laming himself for life, like a blockhead: for the case was this; I came home late last night, not as sober as a judge; and, finding no one up but the girl, I gave her the horse to put into the stable, and she forgot the door after her, which wants a lock; and there being but a scanty feed of oats, owing to the boy's negligence, and no

halter to secure the beast, my poor Sir Hyacinth strayed out here, as ill luck would have it, into the tan-pit. Bad luck to my uncle, O'Haggarty, that had the tan-yard here at all. He might have lived as became him, without dirtying his hands with the tanning of dirty hides.'

'I was just going,' said John Gray, 'to comfort you, Simon, for the laming of your horse, by observing that, if you had your tan-yard in order again, you could soon make up the price of another horse.'

'Ohoo! I would not be bothered with any thing of the kind. There's the mill of Rosanna there, beyond, was the plague of my life, till it stopped; and I was glad to have fairly done with it. Them that come after me may set it a going again, and welcome. I have enough just to serve my time, and am content any way.'

'But, if you could get a fair rent for the tan-yard, would you set it?' said John.

'To that I should make no objection in life; provided I had no trouble with it,' replied Simon.

'And, if you could get somebody to keep the mill of Rosanna going, without giving

you any trouble, you would not object to that, would you?' said Robin.

'Not I, to be sure,' replied Simon, laughing. 'Whatever God sends, be it more or less, I am content. But I would not have you think me a fool for all I talk so easy about the matter; I know very well what I might have got for the mill some years ago, when first it stopped, if I would have set it to the man that proposed for it; but, though he was as substantial a tenant as you could see, yet he affronted me once, at the last election, by calling a freeholder of mine over the coals; and so I was proud of an opportunity to show him I did not forget. So I refused to let him the mill on any terms; and I made him a speech for his pride to digest at the same time. "Mr. Hopkins," said I, "the lands of Rosanna have been in my family these two hundred years and upwards; and though, now a days, many men think that every thing is to be done for money, and though you, Mr. Hopkins, have made as much money as most men could in the same time, all which I don't envy you, yet I must make bold to tell you, that the lands

of Rosanna, or any part or parcel there is what you 'll never have whilst I 'm aliv Mr. Hopkins, for love or money." Th spirit of the O'Doughertys was up with me; and, though all the world calls m easy Simon, I have my own share of prop spirit. These mushroom money-maker that start up from the very dirt under one feet, I can't for my part swallow ther Now I should be happy to give you a lea of the mill of Rosanna, after refusing Ho kins; for you and your father before yo lads, have been always very civil to m My tan-pits and all I 'm ready to talk t you about, and thank you for pulling m horse out for me this morning. Will yo walk up and look at the mill? I would a tend you myself, but must go to the farrie about Sir Hyacinth's leg, instead of standin talking here any longer. Good mornin to you kindly. The girl will give you th key of the mill, and show you every thing the same as myself.'

Simon gathered his great coat about him and walked away to the farrier; whil the two brothers rejoiced that they shoul see the mill, without hearing him talk th

whole time. Simon, having nothing to do all day long but to talk, was an indefatigable gossip. When the lands of Rosanna were in question, or when his pride was touched, he was terribly fluent.

CHAPTER II.

Upon examining the mill, which was a common oat-mill, John Gray found that the upper mill-stone was lodged upon the lower; and that this was all which prevented the mill from going. No other part of it was damaged, or out of repair. As to the tan-yard, it was in great disorder; but it was very conveniently situate, was abundantly supplied with water on one side, and had an oak copse at the back, so that tan could readily be procured. It is true that the bark of these oak trees, which had been planted by his careful uncle O'Haggarty, had been much damaged since Simon came into possession; for he had, with his customary negligence, suffered cattle to get amongst them. He had also, to supply

himself with ready money, occasionally cut down a great deal of the best timber before it arrived at its full growth; and, at this time, the Grays found every tree of tolerable size, marked for destruction, with the initials of Simon O'Dougherty's name.

Before they said any thing more about the mill or the tan-yard to Simon, these prudent brothers consulted their father: he advised them to begin cautiously, by offering to manage the mill and the tan-yard, during the ensuing year, for Simon, for a certain share in the profits; and then, if they should find the business likely to succeed, they might take a lease of the whole. Simon willingly made this agreement; and there was no danger in dealing with him, because, though careless and indolent, he was honest, and would keep his engagements. It was settled that John and Robin should have the power, at the end of the year, either to hold or give up all concern in the mill and tan-yard; and, in the mean time, they were to manage the business for Simon; and to have such a share in the profits, as would pay them reasonably for their time and labour.

They succeeded beyond their expectations in the management of the mill and tan-yard, during their year of probation; and Simon, at the end of that time, was extremely glad to give them a long lease of the premises, upon their paying him down, by way of fine, the sum of one hundred and fifty pounds. This sum their father, who had good credit, and who could give excellent security upon his farm, which was now in a flourishing condition, raised for them; and they determined to repay him the money by regular yearly portions out of their profits.

Success did not render these young men presumptuous, or negligent: they went on steadily with business, were contented to live frugally, and work hard for some years. Many of the sons of neighbouring tradesmen and farmers, who were able perhaps to buy a horse or two, or three good coats in a year, and who set up for gentlemen, and spent their days in hunting, shooting, or cock-fighting, thought that the Grays were poor-spirited fellows for sticking so close to business. They prophesied that, even when these brothers should have made a fortune,

they would not have the liberality to spend or enjoy it; but this prediction was not verified. The Grays had not been brought up to place their happiness merely in the scraping together pounds, shillings, and pence; they valued money for money's worth, not for money's sake; and, amongst the pleasures it could purchase, they thought that of contributing to the happiness of their parents and friends the greatest. When they had paid their father the hundred and fifty pounds he had advanced, their next object was to build a neat cottage for him, near the wood and mill of Rosanna, on a beautiful spot, upon which they had once heard him say that he should like to have a house.

We mentioned that Mr. Hopkins, the agent, had a view to this farm; and that he was desirous of getting rid of the Grays: but this he found it no easy matter to accomplish, because the rent was always punctually paid: there was no pretence for *driving*, even for the duty-fowls; Mrs. Gray always had them ready at the proper time. Mr. Hopkins was further provoked by seeing the rich improvements, which our far-

mer made every year on his land: his envy, which could be moved by the meanest objects of gain, was continually excited by his neighbour's successful industry. To day he envied him his green meadows; and to morrow the crocks of butter, packed on the car for Dublin. Farmer Gray's ten cows, which regularly passed by Mr. Hopkins's window, morning and evening, were a sight that often spoiled his breakfast and supper: but that which grieved this envious man the most was the barrack manure! He would stand at his window, and, with a heavy heart, count the car loads that went by to Gray's farm.

Once he made an attempt to ruin Gray's friend, the sergeant, by accusing him secretly of being bribed to sell the barrack manure to Gray, for less than he had been offered for it by others: but the officer, to whom Mr. Hopkins made this complaint, was fortunately a man who did not like secret informations; he publicly inquired into the truth of the matter, and the sergeant's honesty and Mr. Hopkins's meanness were clearly proved and contrasted. The consequence of this malicious interfer-

ence was beneficial to Gray; for the officer told the story to the colonel of the regiment, which was next quartered in the town, and he to the officer who succeeded him; so that, year after year, Mr. Hopkins applied in vain for the barrack manure. Farmer Gray had always the preference, and the hatred of Mr. Hopkins knew no bounds; that is, no bounds but the letter of the law, of which he was ever mindful, because law-suits are expensive.

At length, however, he devised a legal mode of *annoying* his enemy. Some land, belonging to Mr. Hopkins, lay between Gray's farm and the only bog in the neighbourhood: now he would not permit Mr. Gray, or any body belonging to him, to draw turf upon his bog-road; and he absolutely forbade his own wretched tenants to sell turf to the object of his envy. By these means, he flattered himself he should literally starve the enemy out of house and home.

Things were in this situation when John and Robin Gray determined to build a house for their father at Rosanna. They made no secret to him of their intentions; for

they did not want to surprise but to please him, and to do every thing in the manner that would be most convenient to him and their mother. Their sister, Rose, was in all their counsels; and it had been for the last three years one of her chief delights to go, after her day's work was done, to the mill at Rosanna, to see how her brothers were going on. How happy are those families where there is no envy, or jealousy; but in which each individual takes an interest in the prosperity of the whole! Farmer Gray was heartily pleased with the gratitude and generosity of his boys, as he still continued to call them: though by the by John was now three and twenty, and his brother only two years younger.

'My dear boys,' said he, 'nothing could be more agreeable, to me and your mother, than to have a snug cottage near you both, on the very spot which you say I pitched upon two years ago. This cabin that we now live in, after all I have tried to do to prop it up, and notwithstanding all Rose does to keep it neat and clean withinside, is but a crazy sort of a place. We are able now to have a better house, and I shall be

glad to be out of the reach of Mr. Hopkins's persecution. Therefore, let us set about and build the new house. You shall contribute your share, my boys; but only a share: mind, I say only a share. And I hope next year to contribute my share towards building a house for each of you: it is time you should think of marrying, and settling: it is no bad thing to have a house ready for a bride. We shall have quite a little colony of our own at Rosanna. Who knows but I may live to see my grandchildren, ay, and my great grand-children, settled there all round me, industrious and contented.'

Good will is almost as expeditious and effectual as Aladin's lamp:—The new cottage, for farmer Gray, was built at Rosanna; and he took possession of it the ensuing spring. They next made a garden, and furnished it with all sorts of useful vegetables and some pretty flowers. Rose had great pleasure in taking care of this garden. Her brothers also laid out a small green lawn before the door; and planted the boundaries with white-thorn, crab-trees, lilacs, and laburnums. The lawn sloped down to the water side; and the mill and copse be-

hind it were seen from the parlour windows. A prettier cottage, indeed so pretty a one, was never before seen in this county.

But what was better far than the pretty cottage, or the neat garden, or the green lawn, or the white-thorn, the crab-trees, the lilacs, and the laburnums, was the content that smiled amongst them.

Many, who have hundreds and thousands, are miserable, because they still desire more; or, rather, because they know not what they would have. For instance, Mr. Hopkins, the rich Mr. Hopkins, who had scraped together in about fifteen years above twenty thousand, some said thirty thousand pounds, had never been happy for a single day; either whilst he was making this fortune, or when he had made it; for he was of an avaricious discontented temper. The more he had the more he desired. He could not bear the prosperity of his neighbours; and if his envy made him industrious, yet it at the same time rendered him miserable. Though he was what the world calls a remarkably fortunate man, yet the feelings of his own mind prevented him from enjoying his success. He had no wife,

no children, to share his wealth. He would not marry, because a wife is expensive; and children are worse than taxes. His whole soul was absorbed in the love of gain. He denied himself not only the comforts, but the common necessaries of life. He was alone in the world. He was conscious that no human being loved him. He read his history in the eyes of all his neighbours.

It was known that he had risen upon the ruin of others; and, the higher he had risen, the more conspicuous became the faults of his character. Whenever any man grew negligent of his affairs, or by misfortune was reduced to distress, Hopkins was at hand to take advantage of his necessities. His first approaches were always made under the semblance of friendship; but his victims soon repented their imprudent confidence, when they felt themselves in his power. Unrestrained by a sense of honour, or the feelings of humanity, he felt no scruple in pursuing his interest to the very verge of what the law would call fraud. Even his own relations complained that he duped them without scruple; and none but strangers to his character, or persons com-

pelled by necessity, would have any dealings with this man. Of what advantage to him, or to any one else, were the thousands he had accumulated?

It may be said that such beings are necessary in society; that their industry is productive; and that, therefore, they ought to be preferred to the idle unproductive members of the community: but wealth and happiness are not the same things. Perhaps, at some future period, enlightened politicians may think the happiness of nations more important than their wealth. In this point of view, they would consider all the members of society, who are productive of happiness, as neither useless nor despicable; and, on the contrary, they would contemn and discourage those who merely accumulate money, without enjoying or dispensing happiness. But some centuries must probably elapse before such a philosophic race of politicians can arise. In the mean time, let us go on with our story.

CHAPTER III.

Mr. Hopkins was enraged, when he found that his expected victim escaped his snares.

He saw the pretty cottage rise, and the mill of Rosanna work, in despite of his malevolence. He long brooded over his malice in silence. As he stood one day on the top of a high mount on his own estate, from which he had a view of the surrounding country, his eyes fixed upon the little Paradise in the possession of his enemies. He always called those his enemies of whom he was the enemy: this is no uncommon mistake, in the language of the passions.

'The Rosanna mill shall be stopped before this day twelvemonth, or my name is not Hopkins,' said he to himself. 'I have sworn vengeance against those Grays; and I will humble them to the dust, before I have done with them. I shall never sleep in peace, till I have driven those people from the country.'

It was however no easy matter to drive from the country such inoffensive inhabitants. The first thing Mr. Hopkins resolved upon was to purchase, from Simon O'Dougherty, the field adjoining to that in which the mill stood. The brook flowed through this field; and Mr. Hopkins saw, with malicious satisfaction, that he could at

a small expense turn the course of the stream, and cut off the water from the mill. Poor Simon, by this time, had reduced himself to a situation in which his pride was compelled to yield to pecuniary considerations. Within the last three years, his circumstances had been materially changed. Whilst he was a bachelor, his income had been sufficient to maintain him in idleness.

Soft Simon, however, at last, took it into his head to marry; or, rather, a cunning damsel, who had been his mistress for some years, took it into her head to make him marry. She was skilled in the arts both of wheedling and scolding: to resist these united powers was too much to be expected from a man of Simon's easy temper.

He argued thus with himself:—'She has cost me more, as she is, than if she had been my wife twice over: for she has no interest in looking after any thing belonging to me, but only just living on from day to day, and making the most for herself and her children. And the children too, all in the same way, snatching what they can make sure of for themselves. Now, if I make

her my lawful wife, as she desires, the property will be hers, as well as mine; and it will be her interest to look after all. She is a stirring notable woman, and will save me a world of trouble, and make the best of every thing for her children's sake; and they, being then all acknowledged by me, will make my interest their own, as she says; and, besides, this is the only way left me to have peace.'

To avoid the cares and plagues of matrimony, and that worst of plagues a wife's tongue, Simon first was induced to keep a mistress, and now, to silence his mistress, he made her his wife. She assured him that, till she was his lawful lady, she never should have peace or quietness; nor could she, in conscience, suffer him to have a moment's rest.

Simon married her, to use his own phrase, out of hand: but the marriage was only the beginning of new troubles. The bride had hordes and clans of relations, who came pouring in, from all quarters, to pay their respects to Mistress O'Dougherty. Her good easy man could not shut his doors

against any one; the O'Doughertys were above a hundred years, ay two hundred years, ago famous for hospitality; and it was incumbent upon Simon O'Dougherty to keep up the honour of the family. His four children were now to be maintained in idleness; for they, like their father, had an insurmountable aversion to business, The public opinion of Simon suddenly changed. Those who were any way related to the O'Doughertys, and who dreaded that he and his children should apply to them for pecuniary assistance, began the cry against him of—'What a shame it is * that the man does not do something for himself and his family. How can those expect to be helped who won't help themselves? He is contented indeed! Yes, and he must soon be contented to sell the lands that have been in the family so long; and then, by and by, he must be content, if he does not bestir himself, to be carried to jail. It is a sin for any one to be content to eat the bread of idleness!'

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* Essay on Charity Schools.

These and similar reproaches were uttered often, in our idle hero's presence. They would perhaps have excited him to some sort of exertion, if his friend, Sir Hyacinth O'Brien, had not, in consequence of certain electioneering services, and in consideration of his being one of the best sportsmen in the county, and of Simon's having named a horse after him, procured for him a place of about fifty pounds a year in the revenue. Upon the profits of this place Simon contrived to live, in a shambling sort of way.

How long he might have shuffled on is a problem, which must now for ever remain unsolved; for his indolence was not permitted to take its natural course: his ruin was accelerated, by the secret operation of an active and malignant power. Mr. Hopkins, who had determined to get that field which joined to Gray's mill, and who well knew that the pride of the O'Doughertys would resist the idea of selling to him any part or parcel of the lands of Rosanna, devised a scheme to reduce Simon to immediate and inextricable distress. Simon was, as it might have been foreseen, negli-

gent in discharging the duties of his office; which was that of a supervisor.

He either did not know or connived at the practices of sundry illegal distillers, in his neighbourhood. Malicious tongues did not scruple to say that he took money, upon some occasions, from the delinquents; but this he positively denied. Possibly his wife and sons knew more of this matter than he did. They sold certain scraps of paper, called protections, to several petty distillers, whose safest protection would have been Simon's indolence. One of the scraps of paper, to which there was O'Dougherty's signature, fell into the hands of Mr. Hopkins.

That nothing might be omitted to ensure his disgrace, Hopkins sent a person, on whom he could depend, to give Simon notice that there was an illegal still at such a house, naming the house for which the protection was granted. Soft Simon received the information with his customary carelessness, said it was too late to think of going to seize the still that evening, and declared he would have it seized the next day: but the next day he put it off, and the day afterwards he forgot it, and the

day after that he received a letter from the collector of excise, summoning him to answer to an information which had been laid against him for misconduct. In this emergency, he resolved to have recourse to his friend Sir Hyacinth O'Brien, who, he thought, could make interest to skreen him from justice. Sir Hyacinth gave him a letter to the collector, who happened to be in the country. Away he went with the letter: he was met on the road by a friend, who advised him to ride as hard after the collector as he could, to overtake him before he should reach Counsellor Quin's, where he was engaged to dine. Counsellor Quin was candidate for the county, in opposition to Sir Hyacinth O'Brien; and it was well understood that whomever the one favoured the other hated. It behoved Simon therefore to overtake the collector, before he should be within the enemy's gates. Simon whipped and spurred, and puffed and fretted, but all in vain; for he was mounted upon the horse which, as the reader may remember, fell into the tan-pit. The collector reached Counsellor Quin's long before Simon ar-

rived; and, when he presented Sir Hyacinth's letter, it was received in a manner that showed it came too late. Simon lost his place and his fifty pounds a year: but what he found most trying to his temper were the reproaches of his wife, which were loud, bitter, and unceasing. He knew, from experience, that nothing could silence her but letting her "have all the plea;" so he suffered her to rail till she was quite out of breath, and he very nearly asleep, and then said, 'What you have been observing is all very just, no doubt: but, since a thing past can't be recalled, and those that are upon the ground, as our proverb says, can go no lower, that 's a great comfort; so we may be content.'

'Content, in troth! Is it content to live upon potatoes and salt? I, that am your lawful wife! And you, that are an O'Dougherty too, to let your lady be demeaned and looked down upon, as she will be now, even by them that are sprung up from nothing since yesterday. There 's Mrs. Gray, over yonder at Rosanna, living on your own land: look at her and look at me! and see what a difference there is!'

'Some difference there surely is,' said Simon.

'Some difference there surely is,' repeated Mrs. O'Dougherty, raising her voice to the shrillest note of objurgation; for she was provoked by a sigh that escaped Simon, as he pronounced his reply; or rather his acceding sentence. Nothing, in some cases, provokes a female so much as agreeing with her.

'And, if there is some difference betwixt me and Mrs. Gray, I should be glad to know whose fault that is?'

'So should I, Mrs. O'Dougherty.'

'Then I'll tell you, instantly, whose fault it is, Mr. O'Dougherty: the fault is your own, Mr. O'Dougherty. No, the fault is mine, Mr. O'Dougherty, for marrying you, or consorting with you at all. If I had been matched to an active industrious man, like Mr. Gray, I might have been as well in the world and better than Mrs. Gray; for I should become a fortune better than she, or any of her seed, breed, or generation; and it's a scandal in the face of the world, and all the world says so, it's a scandal to see them Grays flourishing and

settling a colony, there at Rosanna, at our expense.'

'Not at our expense, my dear; for you know we made nothing of either tan-yard or mill; and now they pay us thirty pounds a year, and that punctually too. What should we do without it, now we have lost the place in the revenue? I am sure I think we were very lucky to get such tenants as the Grays.'

'In truth I think no such thing; for, if you had been blessed with the sense of a midge, you might have done all they have done yourself: and then what a different way your lawful wife and family would have been in! I am sure I wish it had pleased the saints above to have married me, when they were about it, to such a man as farmer Gray or his sons.'

'As for the sons,' said Simon, 'they are a little out of the way in point of age: but to farmer Gray I see no objection in life; and, if he sees none and will change wives, i'm sure, Ally, I shall be content.'

The sort of composure and dry humour with which Simon made this last speech overcame the small remains of Mrs.

O'Dougherty's patience: she burst into a passion of tears; and, from this hour, it being now past eleven o'clock at night, from this hour till six in the morning, she never ceased weeping, wailing, and upbraiding.

Simon rose from his sleepless bed, saying, 'The saints above, as you call them, must take care of you now, Ally, any how; for I'm fairly tired out: so I must go a hunting or a shooting with my friend, Sir Hyacinth O'Brien, to recruit my spirits.'

The unfortunate Simon found, to his mortification, that his horse was so lame he could scarcely walk. Whilst he was considering where he could borrow a horse, just for the day's hunt, Mr. Hopkins rode into his yard, mounted upon a fine hunter. Though naturally supercilious, this gentleman could stoop to conquer: he was well aware of Simon's dislike to him, but he also knew that Simon was in distress for money. Even the strongest passions of those who involve themselves in pecuniary difficulties must yield to the exigencies of the moment. Easy Simon's indolence had now reduced him to a situation, in which his

pride was obliged to bend to his interest. Mr. Hopkins had once been repulsed with haughtiness, by the representative of the O'Dougherty family, when he offered to purchase some of the family estate; but his proposal was now better timed, and was made with all the address of which he was master. He began by begging Simon to give him his opinion of the horse, on which he was mounted, as he knew Mr. O'Dougherty was a particularly good judge of a hunter; and he would not buy it, from Counsellor Quin's groom, without having a skilful friend's advice. Then he asked whether it was true that Simon and the collector had quarrelled, exclaimed against the malice and officiousness of the informer, whoever he might be, and finished by observing that, if the loss of his place put Simon to any inconvenience, there was a ready way of supplying himself with money, by the sale of any of the lands of Rosanna. The immediate want of a horse, and the comparison he made, at this moment, between the lame animal on which he was leaning and the fine hunter upon which Hopkins was mounted, had more effect upon Simon than

all the rest. Before they parted, Mr. Hopkins concluded a bargain for the field on which he had set his heart: he obtained it for less than its value by three years' purchase. The hunter was part of the valuable consideration he gave to Simon.

The moment that Hopkins was in possession of this field adjoining to Gray's mill, he began tc execute a malignant project, which he had long been contriving.

We shall leave him to his operations; matters of higher import claim our attention. One morning, as Rose was on the little lawn before the house door, gathering the first snow-drops of the year, a servant in a handsome livery rode up, and asked if Mr. Gray or any of the family were at home. Her father and brothers were out in the fields, at some distance; but she said she would run and call them. 'There is no occasion, Miss,' said the servant; 'for the business is only to leave these cards for the ladies of the family.'

He put two cards into Rose's hand, and gallopped off with the air of a man who had a vast deal of business of importance to transact. The cards contained an invita-

tion to an election ball, which Sir Hyacinth O'Brien was going to give to the secondary class of gentry in the county.

Rose took the cards to her mother; and, whilst they were reading them over for the second time, in came farmer Gray to breakfast. 'What have we here, child?' said he, taking up one of the cards. He looked at his wife and daughter with some anxiety, for a moment; and then, as if he did not wish to restrain them, turned the conversation to another subject, and nothing was said of the ball till breakfast was over.

Mrs. Gray then bade Rose go and put her flowers into water; and, as soon as she was out of the room, said, 'My dear, I see you don't like that we should go to this ball, so I am glad I did not say what I thought of it to Rose, before you came in: for, you must know, I had a mother's foolish vanity about me; and, the minute I saw the card, I pictured to myself our Rose dressed like any of the best of the ladies, and looking handsomer than most of them, and every body admiring her! But perhaps the girl is better as she is, having not been bred to be a lady, And yet, now we are as well

in the world as many that set up for and are reckoned gentlefolks, why should not our girl take this opportunity of rising a step in life?'

Mrs. Gray spoke with some confusion, and hesitation. 'My dear,' replied farmer Gray, in a gentle yet firm tone, 'it is very natural that you, being the mother of such a girl as our Rose, should be proud of her, and eager to show her to the best advantage; but the main point is to make her happy, not to do just what will please our own vanity for the minute. Now I am not at all sure that raising her a step in life, even if we could do it by sending her to this ball, would be for her happiness. Are not we happy as we are———Come in, Rose, love; come in; I should be glad for you to hear what we are saying, and judge for yourself: you are old enough, and wise enough, I am sure. I was going to ask, are not we all happy in the way we live together now?'

'Yes! Oh yes! That we are, indeed,' said both the wife and daughter.

'Then should not we be content, and not wish to alter our condition?'

'But to go to only one ball, papa, would not alter our condition, would it?' said Rose, timidly.

'If we begin once to set up for gentry, we shall not like to go back again to be what we are now: so, before we begin, we had best consider what we have to gain by a change. We have meat, drink, clothes, and fire: what more could we have, if we were gentry? We have enough to do, and not too much. We are all well pleased with ourselves, and with one another. We have health and good consciences: What more could we have, if we were to set up to be gentry? Or, rather, to put the question closer, could we in that case have all these comforts? No, I think not: for, in the first place, we should be straitened for want of money; because a world of baubles, that we do n't feel the want of now, would become as necessary to us as our daily bread. We should be ashamed not to have all the things that gentlefolks have; though these do n't signify a straw, nor half a straw, in point of any real pleasure they give, still they must be had. Then, we should be ashamed of the work by which we must

make money to pay for all these nick-nacks. John and Robin would blush up to the eyes then, if they were to be caught by the genteel folks in their mill, heaving up sacks of flour, and covered all over with meal: or if they were to be found, with their arms bare beyond the elbows, in the tan-yard. And you, Rose, would hurry your spinning-wheel out of sight, and be afraid to be caught cooking my dinner. Yet there is no shame in any of these things, and now we are all proud of doing them.'

'And long may we be so!' cried Mrs. Gray. 'You are right, and I spoke like a foolish woman. Rose, my child, throw these cards into the fire. We are happy, and contented; and, if we change, we shall be discontented and unhappy, as so many of what they call our betters are. There! the cards are burnt; now let us think no more about them.'

'Rose, I hope, is not disappointed about this ball; are you, my little Rose?' said her father, drawing her towards him, and seating her on his knee.

'There was one reason, papa,' said Rose,

blushing, 'there was one reason, and only one, why I wished to have gone to this ball.'

'Well, let us hear it. You shall do as you please, I promise you beforehand. But tell us the reason. I believe you have found it somewhere at the bottom of that snow-drop, which you have been examining this last quarter of an hour. Come, let me have a peep,' added he, laughing.

'The only reason, papa, *is*,—*was*, I mean,' said Rose.—'But, look! Oh, I can't tell you now. See who is coming.'

It was Sir Hyacinth O'Brien, in his gig; and with him his English servant, Stafford, whose staid and sober demeanour was a perfect contrast to the dash and bustle of his master's appearance. This was an electioneering visit. Sir Hyacinth was canvassing the county—a business in which he took great delight, and in which he was said to excel. He possessed all the requisite qualifications, and was certainly excited by a sufficiently strong motive; for he knew that, if he should lose his election, he should at the same time lose his liberty; as the privilege of a member of parliament

was necessary to protect him from being arrested. He had a large estate, yet he was one of the poorest men in the county; for, no matter what a person's fortune may be, if he spend more than his income, he must be poor. Sir Hyacinth O'Brien not only spent more than his income, but desired that his rent-roll should be thought to be at least double what it really was: of course, he was obliged to live up to the fortune which he affected to possess; and this idle vanity early in life entangled him in difficulties, from which he had never sufficient strength of mind to extricate himself. He was ambitious to be the leading man in his county, studied all the arts of popularity, and found them extremely expensive, and stood a contested election. He succeeded; but his success cost him several thousands. All was to be set to rights by his talents as a public speaker; and these were considerable. He had eloquence, wit, humour, and sufficient assurance to place them all in the fullest light. His speeches in parliament were much admired, and the passion of ambition was now kindled in his mind: he determined to be a leading man in the se-

nate: and, whilst he pursued this object with enthusiasm, his private affairs were entirely neglected. Ambition and economy never can agree. Sir Hyacinth, however, found it necessary to the happiness, that is, to the splendour of his existence to supply, by some means or other, the want of what he called the paltry, selfish, counterfeit virtue—economy. Nothing less would do than the sacrifice of that which had been once in his estimation the most noble and generous of human virtues—patriotism. The sacrifice was painful, but he could not avoid making it; because, after living upon five thousand a year, he could not live upon five hundred. So, from a flaming patriot, he sunk into a pensioned placeman.

He then employed all his powers of wit and sophistry, to ridicule the principles which he had abandoned. In short, he affected to glory in a species of political profligacy; and laughed or sneered at public virtue, as if it could only be the madness of enthusiasm, or the meanness of hypocrisy. By the brilliancy of his conversation, and the gayety of his manners, Sir Hyacinth sometimes succeeded in persuad-

ing others that he was in the right; but, alas! there was one person whom he could never deceive; and that was himself. He despised himself, and nothing could make him amends for the self-complacency that he had lost. Without self-approbation all the luxuries of life are tasteless.

Sir Hyacinth O'Brien, however, was for some years thought, by those who could see only the outward man, to be happy; and it was not till the derangement of his affairs became public, that the world began at once to pity and blame him. He had a lucrative place, but he was, or thought himself, obliged to live in a style suited to it; and he was not one shilling the richer for his place. He endeavoured to repair his shattered fortunes by marrying a rich heiress, but the heiress was, or thought herself, obliged to live up to her fortune; and, of course, her husband was not one shilling the richer for his marriage. When Sir Hyacinth was occasionally distressed for money, his agent, who managed all affairs in his absence, borrowed money with as much expedition as possible; and expedition, in matters of business, must, as every

body knows, be paid for exorbitantly. There are men who, upon such terms, will be as expeditious in lending money as extravagance and ambition united can desire. Mr. Hopkins was one of these; and he was the money lender, who supplied the baronet's real and imaginary wants. Sir Hyacinth did not know the extreme disorder of his own affairs, till a sudden dissolution of parliament obliged him to prepare for the expense of a new election. When he went into the country, he was at once beset with duns and constituents, who claimed from him favours and promises. Miserable is the man who courts popularity, if he be not rich enough to purchase what he covets.

Our Baronet endeavoured to laugh off with a good grace his apostacy from the popular party; and whilst he could laugh at the head of a plentiful table, he could not fail to find many who would laugh with him; but there was a strong party formed against him in the county. Two other candidates were his competitors; one of them was Counsellor Quin, a man of vulgar manners and mean abilities, but yet one who could drink and cajole electors full as well

as Sir Hyacinth with all his wit and elegance. The other candidate, Mr. Molyneux, was still more formidable; not as an electioneerer, but as a man of talents and unimpeached integrity, which had been successfully exerted in the service of his country. He was no demagogue, but the friend of justice and of the poor, whom he would not suffer to be oppressed by the hand of power, or persecuted by the malice of party spirit. A large number of grateful independent constituents united to support this gentleman. Sir Hyacinth O'Brien had reason to tremble for his fate; it was to him a desperate game. He canvassed the county with the most keen activity; and took care to engage in his interest all those *underlings* who delight in galloping round the country to electioneer, and who think themselves paid by the momentary consequence they enjoy, and the bustle they create.

Amongst these busy-bodies was Simon O'Dougherty: indolent in all his own concerns, he was remarkably active in managing the affairs of others. His home being now insufferable to him, he was glad to

stroll about the country; and to him Sir Hyacinth O'Brien left all the dirty work of the canvass. Soft Simon had reduced himself to the lowest class of *stalkoes* or *walking gentlemen*, as they are termed; men who have nothing to do, and no fortune to support them, but who style themselves esquire; and who, to use their own mode of expression, are jealous of that title, and of their claims to family antiquity. Sir Hyacinth O'Brien knew how at once to flatter Simon's pride, and to lure him on by promises. Soft Simon believed that the baronet, if he gained his election, would procure him a place in the customs, equivalent to that of which he had been lately deprived. Upon the faith of this promise, Simon worked harder for his patron than he ever was known to do upon any previous occasion; and he was not deficient in that essential characteristic of an electioneerer, boasting. He carried this habit sometimes rather too far, for he not only boasted so as to bully the opposite party, but so as to deceive his friends: over his bottle, he often persuaded his patron that he could command voters, with whom he had no manner

of influence. For instance: he told Sir Hyacinth O'Brien that he was certain all the Grays would vote for him; and it was in consequence of this assurance, that the cards of invitation to the ball had been sent to Rose and her mother, and that the baronet was now come in person to pay his respects at Rosanna.

We have kept him waiting an unconscionable time at the cottage door; we must now show him in.

CHAPTER IV.

The beauty of Rose was the first thing that struck him upon his entrance. The impression was so sudden, and so lively, that, for a few minutes, the election, and all that belonged to it, vanished from his memory. The politeness of a county candidate made him appear, in other houses, charmed with father, mother, son, and daughter; but in this cottage there was no occasion for dissimulation; he was really pleased with each individual of the family. The natural feelings of the heart were

touched. The ambitious man forgot all his schemes, and all his cares, in the contemplation of this humble picture of happiness and content; and the baronet conversed a full quarter of an hour with farmer Gray, before he relapsed into himself.

'How much happier,' thought he, 'are these people than I am; or than I ever have been. They are contented in obscurity; I was discontented even in the full blaze of celebrity. But my fate is fixed. I embarked on the sea of politics as thoughtlessly as if it were only on a party of pleasure: now I am chained to the oar, and a galley-slave cannot be more wretched.'

Perhaps the beauty of Rose had some share in exciting Sir Hyacinth's sudden taste for rural felicity. It is certain he at first expressed more disappointment, at hearing she would not go to the ball, than at being told her father and brothers could not vote for him. Farmer Gray, who was as independent in his principles as in his circumstances, honestly answered the baronet, that he thought Mr. Molyneux the fittest man to represent the county; and that it was for him he should therefore vote. Sir Hyacinth

tried all his powers of persuasion in vain, and he left the cottage mortified and melancholy.

He met Simon O'Dougherty when he had driven a few miles from the door; and, in a tone of much pique and displeasure, reproached him for having deceived him into a belief that the Grays were his friends. Simon was rather embarrassed; but the genius of gossipping had luckily just supplied him with a hint, by which he could extricate himself from this difficulty.

'The fault is all your own, if I may make so free as to tell you so. Sir Hyacinth O'Brien,' said he, 'as capital an electioneerer as you are, I 'll engage I 'll find one that shall outdo you here. Send me and Stafford back again this minute to Rosanna, and we 'll bring you the three votes as dead as crows in an hour's time, or my name is not O'Dougherty now.'

'I protest, Mr. O'Dougherty, I do not understand you.'

'Then let me whisper half a word in your ear, Sir Hyacinth, and I 'll make you sensible I 'm right.' Simon winked most significantly, and looked wondrous wise; *then stretching* himself half off his horse

nto the gig to gain Sir Hyacinth's ear, he whispered that he knew, from the best authority, Stafford was in love with Gray's pretty daughter, Rose; and that Rose had no dislike to him; that she was all to her father and brothers, and of course could and would secure their votes, if properly spoke to.'

This intelligence did not immediately produce the pleasing change of countenance which might have been expected. Sir Hyacinth coldly replied, he could not spare Stafford at present, and drove on. The genius of gossipping, according to her usual custom, had exaggerated considerably in her report. Stafford was attached to Rose, but had never yet told her so; and as to Rose, we might perhaps have known all her mind, if Sir Hyacinth's gig had not appeared just as she was seated on her father's knee, and going to tell him her reason for wishing to go to the ball.

Stafford acted in the capacity of house-steward to the baronet; and had the management of all his master's unmanageable servants. He had brought with him, from England, ideas of order and punctuality,

which were somewhat new, and extremely troublesome to the domestics at Hyacinth-hall: consequently he was much disliked by them; and not only by them, but by most of the country people in the neighbourhood, who imagined he had a strong predilection in favour of every thing that was English, and an undisguised contempt for all that was Irish. They however perceived, that this prejudice against the Irish admitted of exceptions: the family of the Grays, Stafford acknowledged, were almost as orderly, punctual, industrious, and agreeable, as if they had been born in England. This was matter of so much surprise to him, that he could not forbear going at every leisure hour to the mill, or the cottage of Rosanna, to convince himself that such things could actually be in Ireland. He bought all the flour for the hall at Rosanna-mill; and Rose supplied the housekeeper constantly with poultry; so that his master's business continually obliged Stafford to repeat his visits; and every time he went to Gray's cottage, he thought it more and more like an English farmhouse, and imagined Rose every day looked more like

an Englishwoman than any thing else. What a pity she was not born on the other side of the water; for then his mother and friends, in Warwickshire, could never have made any objection to her. But, she being an Irishwoman, they would for certain never fancy her. He had oftentimes heard them as good as say, that it would break their hearts, if he was to marry and settle amongst the bogs and the wild Irish.

This recollection of his friends' prejudices at first deterred Stafford from thinking of marrying Rose; but it sometimes happens, that reflection upon the prejudices of others shows us the folly of our own, and so it was in the present instance. Stafford wrote frequently to his friends in Warwickshire, to assure them that they had quite wrong notions of Ireland; that all Ireland was not a bog; that there were several well-grown trees in the parts he had visited; that there were some as pretty villages as you could wish to see any where, only that they called them towns; that the men, though some of them still wear brogues, were more hospitable to strangers than the English; and that the women, when not

smoke-dried, were some of the handsomest he had seen, especially one Rose or Rosamond Gray, who was also the best and most agreeable girl he had ever known; though it was almost a sin to say so much of one who was not an Englishwoman born.'

Much more in the same strain Stafford wrote to his mother; who, in reply to these letters, 'besought him to consider well what he was about, before he suffered himself to begin falling desperately in love with this Rose or Rosamond Gray, or any Irishwoman whatsoever; who, having been bred in a mud-walled cabin, could never be expected to turn out at the long run equal to a true-born Englishwoman, bred in a slated house.'

Stafford's notions had been so much enlarged by his travel, that he could not avoid smiling at some passages in his mother's epistle: yet he so far agreed with her in opinion as to think it prudent not to begin falling desperately in love with any woman, whether Irish or English, till he was thoroughly acquainted with her temper and disposition. He therefore prudently forbore, that is to say, as much as he could

forbear, to show any signs of his attachment to Rose, till he had full opportunity of forming a decisive judgment of her character.

This he had now in his power. He saw that his master was struck with the fair Rosamond's charms; and he knew that Sir Hyacinth would pursue his purpose with no common perseverance. His heart beat with joy, when the card which brought her refusal arrived. He read it over and over again; and at last put it into his bosom, close to his heart. 'Rose is a good daughter,' said he to himself; 'and that is a sign that she will make a good wife. She is too innocent to see, or suspect, that master has taken a fancy to her, but she is right to do as her prudent, affectionate father advises. I never loved that farmer Gray so well, in all my whole life, as at this instant.'

Stafford was interrupted in his reverie by his master; who, in an angry voice, called for him to inquire why he had not, according to his orders, served out some oats for his horses the preceding day. The truth was, that anxiety about Rose and the ball had made him totally forget the oats.

Stafford coloured a good deal, confessed that he had done very wrong to forget the oats, but that he would go to the granary immediately, and serve them out to the groom. Perhaps Stafford's usual exactness might have rendered his omission pardonable to any less irritable and peremptory master than Sir H. O'Brien.

When Sterne once heard a master severely reprimanding a servant for some trifling fault, he said to the gentleman, 'My dear Sir, we should not expect to have every virtue under the sun for twenty pounds a year.'

Sir Hyacinth O'Brien expected to have them for merely the promise of twenty pounds a year. Though he never punctually paid his servants' wages, he abused them most insolently whenever he was in a passion. Upon the present occasion, his ill-humour was heightened by jealousy.

'I wish, Sir,' cried he to Stafford, after pouring forth a volley of oaths, 'you would mind your business, and not run after objects that are not fit for you. You are become good for nothing of late; careless, insolent, and not fit to be trusted.'

Stafford bore all that his master said till he came to the words not fit to be trusted; but the moment those were uttered, he could no longer command himself; he threw down the great key of the granary, which he held in his hand, and exclaimed, 'Not fit to be trusted! Is this the reward of all my services? Not fit to be trusted! Then I have no business here.'

'The sooner you go the better, Sir,' cried the angry baronet, who, at this instant, desired nothing more than to get him out of his way. 'You had best set off for England directly; I have no further occasion for your services.'

Stafford said not a word more, but retired from his master's presence to conceal his emotion; and, when he was alone, burst into tears, repeating to himself, 'So this is the reward of all my services!'

When Sir Hyacinth's passion cooled, he reflected that seven years' wages were due to Stafford; and, as it was not convenient to him at this election time to part with so much ready money, he resolved to compromise. It was not from any sense of justice; therefore it must be said he had the mean-

ness to apologise to his steward, and to hint that he was welcome to remain, if he pleased, in his service.

'Sir,' replied Stafford, 'as you say you did not mean I was not fit to be trusted, which were the words that neither I deserved, nor could put up with, I am satisfied. I shall be happy to remain with you, provided I may make bold to speak to you on another point; and to inquire whether you would make any objections to my thinking of poor Rose Gray for a wife?'

'Objections! not I,' said Sir Hyacinth, commanding his countenance with a promptitude which defied the plain Englishman's penetration. 'Why should I make any objection to your marrying Rose Gray?'

'I don't know; I can't say, Sir,' answered Stafford, ashamed of his own suspicions: 'only I thought, the day you went to Rosanna, you seemed to take particular notice of her being so handsome; and yesterday you bid me not run after objects that were not fit for me.'

'Is there no other object in the world but Rose Gray? And why should you imagine I think she is not fit for you?' cried Sir

Hyacinth, laughing. 'As to the praises I bestowed on her, the day I went to Rosanna, they were electioneering compliments; nothing more.'

Satisfied, and more than satisfied, by this explanation, and by the condescension with which it was given, Stafford's affection for his master returned with all its wonted force; and he resumed his former occupations, about the house, with redoubled activity. He waited only till his master could spare him, for a day, to go to Rosanna, and make his proposal for Rose. Her behaviour, concerning the ball, convinced him that his mother's prejudices against Irishwomen were ill-founded. Whilst his mind was in this state, his master one morning sent for him, and told him that it was absolutely necessary he should go to a neighbouring county, to some persons who were freeholders, and whose votes might turn the election. The business would only occupy a few days, Sir Hyacinth said; and Stafford willingly undertook it.

The gentlemen, to whom Stafford had letters, were not at home; and he was detained above a fortnight. When he re-

turned, he took a road which led by Rosanna, that he might at least have the pleasure of seeing Rose for a few minutes: but, when he called at the cottage, to his utter surprise, he was refused admittance. Being naturally of a warm temper, and not deficient in pride, his first impulse was to turn his horse's head, and gallop off: but, checking his emotion, he determined not to leave the place till he should discover the cause of this change of conduct. He considered that none of this family had formerly treated him with caprice or duplicity; it was therefore improbable they should suddenly alter their conduct towards him, unless they had reason to believe that they had some sufficient cause. He rode immediately to a field where he saw some labourers at work. Farmer Gray was with them. Stafford leaped from his horse, and, with an air of friendly honesty, held out his hand, saying, 'I can't believe you mean to affront me: tell me what is the reason I am not to be let into your house, my good friend?'

Gray leaned upon his stick, and, after looking at him for a moment, replied, 'We have been too hasty, I see: we have had no

cause of quarrel with you, Stafford: you could never look at me with that honest countenance, if you had any hand in this business.'

'What business?' cried Stafford.

'Walk home with me, out of the hearing of these people, and you shall know.'

As they walked towards the cottage, Gray took out his great leather pocket-book, and searched for a letter. 'Pray, Stafford,' said he, 'did you, about ten days ago, send my girl a melon?'

'Yes; one of my own raising. I left it with the gardener, to be sent to her with my best respects and services; and a message intimating to say that I was sorry master's business required I should take a journey, and could not see her for a few days, or something that way.'

'No such message came; only your services, the melon, and this note. I declare,' continued Gray, looking at Stafford whilst he read the letter, 'he turns as pale as my wife herself did, when I showed it to her!'

Stafford indeed grew pale with anger. It was a billet-doux from his master to Rose,

which Sir Hyacinth entreated might be kept secret, promising to make her fortune and marry her well, if she would only have compassion upon a man who adored and was dying for her, &c.

'I will never see my master again,' exclaimed Stafford. 'I could not see him without the danger of doing something that I might not forgive myself. He a gentleman! He a gentleman! I'll gallop off and leave his letters, and his horse, with some of his people. I'll never see him again. If he does not pay me a farthing of my seven years' wages, I don't care; I will not sleep in his house another night. He a gentleman!'

Farmer Gray was delighted by Stafford's generous indignation; which appeared the more striking as Stafford's manner was usually sober, and remarkably civil.

All this happened at two o'clock in the afternoon; and the evening of the same day he returned to Rosanna. Rose was sitting at work, in the seat of the cottage window. When she saw him at the little white gate, her colour gave notice to her

brothers who was coming, and they ran out to meet him.

'You ought to shut your doors against me now, instead of running out to meet me,' said he; 'for I am not clear that I have a farthing in the world, except what is in this portmanteau. I have been fool enough to leave all I have earned in the hands of *a gentleman*, who can give me only his bond for my wages. But I am glad I am out of his house, at any rate.'

'And I am glad you are in mine,' said farmer Gray, receiving him with a warmth of hospitality, which brought tears of gratitude into Stafford's eyes. Rose smiled upon her father, and said nothing, but set him his arm chair, and was very busy arranging the tea-table. Mrs. Gray beckoned to her guest, and made him sit down beside her; telling him he should have as good tea, at Rosanna, as ever he had in Warwickshire; 'and out of Staffordshire ware, too,' said she, taking her best Wedgwood teacups and saucers out of a cupboard.

Robin, who was naturally gay and fond of rallying his friends, could not forbear

affecting to express his surprise at Stafford's preferring an Irishwoman, of all women in the world. 'Are you quite sure, Stafford,' said he, 'that you are not mistaken? Are you sure my sister has not wings on her shoulders?'

'Have you done now, Robin?' said his mother; who saw that Stafford was a good deal abashed, and had no answer ready. 'If Mr. Stafford had a prejudice against us Irish, so much the more honourable for my Rose to have conquered it; and, as to wings, they would have been no shame to us natives, supposing we had them; and of course it was no affront to attribute them to us. Have not the angels themselves wings?'

A timely joke is, sometimes, a real blessing; and so Stafford felt it, at this instant: his bashfulness vanished by degrees, and Robin rallied him no more. 'I had no idea,' said he, 'how easy it is to put an Englishman out of countenance, in the company of his mistress.'

This was a most happy evening at Rosanna. After Rose retired, which she soon did to see after the household affairs, her

father spoke in the kindest manner to Stafford. 'Mr. Stafford,' said he, 'if you tell me that you are able to maintain my girl in the way of life she is now, you shall have her: this, in my opinion, and in hers, is the happiest way of life, for those who have been bred to it. I would rather see Rose matched to an honest industrious good-humoured man, like yourself, whom she can love, than see her the wife of a man as grand as Sir Hyacinth O'Brien. For, to the best of my opinion, it is not the being born to a great estate that can make a man content, or even rich: I think myself a richer man this minute than Sir Hyacinth; for I owe no man any thing, am my own master, and can give a little matter both to child and stranger. But your head is very naturally running upon Rose, and not upon my moralizing. All I have to say is, win her and wear her; and, as to the rest, even if Sir Hyacinth never pays you your own, that shall not stop your wedding. My sons are good lads, and you and Rose shall never want, whilst the mill of Rosanna is going.'

This generosity quite overpowered Staf-

ford. Generosity is one of the characteristics of the Irish. It not only touched but surprised the Englishman; who, amongst the same rank of his own countrymen, had been accustomed to strict honesty in their dealings, but seldom to this warmth of friendship, and forgetfulness of all selfish considerations. It was some minutes before he could articulate a syllable; but, after shaking his intended father-in-law's hand, with that violence which expresses so much to English feelings, he said, 'I thank you, heartily; and, if I live to the age of Methusalem, shall never forget this. A friend in need is a friend indeed. But I will not live upon yours or your good sons' earnings; that would not be fair dealing, or like what I've been bred up to think handsome. It is a sad thing for me that this master of mine can give me nothing, for my seven years' service, but this scrap of paper: (taking out of his pocketbook a bond of Sir Hyacinth's.) But my mother, though she has her prejudices, and is very stiff about them, being an elderly woman, and never going out of England, or even beyond the parish in which she was born, yet she is kind

hearted; and I cannot think will refuse to help me, or that she will cross me in marriage, when she knows the thing is determined; so I shall write to her before I sleep, and wish I could but enclose in the cover of my letter the picture of Rose, which would be better than all I could say. But no picture would do her justice. I don't mean a compliment, like them Sir Hyacinth paid to her face; but only the plain truth. I mean that a picture could never make my mother understand how good, and sweet tempered, and modest, Rose is. Mother has a world of prejudices; but she is a good woman, and will prove herself so to me, I make no doubt.'

Stafford wrote to his mother a long letter, and received, in a fortnight afterwards, this short answer:

"Son George, I warned you not to fall in love with an Irishwoman, to which I told you I could never give my consent.

"As you bake, so you must brew. Your sister Dolly is marrying too, and setting up a shop in Warwick, by my advice and consent: all the money I can spare I must give, as in reason, to her who is a dutiful

child; and mean, with her and grandchildren, if God please, to pass my latter days, as fitting, in this parish of Little Sonchy, in Old England, where I was born and bred. Wishing you may not repent, or starve, or so forth, which please to let me know,

" I am your affectionate mother,

" DOROTHY STAFFORD."

All Stafford's hopes were confounded by this letter: he put it into farmer Gray's hands, without saying a word; then drew his chair away from Rose, hid his face in his hands, and never spoke or heard one word that was saying round about him for full half an hour; till, at last, he was roused by his friend Robin, who, clapping him on his back, said, ' Come, Stafford, English pride won't do with us; this is all to punish you for refusing to share and share alike with us in the mill of Rosanna, which is what you must and shall do now, for Rose's sake, if not for ours or your own. Come, say done.'

Stafford could not help being moved. All the family, except Rose, joined in these generous entreaties; and her silence said

even more than their words. Dinner was on the table before this amicable contest was settled. Dinner! Yes dinner. In the midst of the most sentimental scenes, people must sometimes go to dinner; and, on the most important and critical days of life, dinner comes upon the table as usual. It is not said, I grant, that Stafford ate as much as usual this day. Robin insisted upon his drinking a toast with him, in Irish ale; which was, "Rose Gray, and Rosanna-mill."

The glass was just filled, and the toast pronounced, when in came one of Gray's workmen, in an indescribable perspiration and rage.

'Master Robin, Master John! Master,' cried he, 'we are all ruined! The mill and all—'

'The mill!' exclaimed every body, starting up.

'Ay, the mill: it's all over with it, and with us: not a turn more will Rosanna-mill ever take for me or you; not a turn,' continued he, wiping his forehead with his arm, and hiding by the same motion his eyes, which ran over with tears.

'It's all that thief Hopkins's doing. May

every guinea he touches, and every shilling, and tester, and penny itself, blister his fingers, from this day forward and for ever more.'

'But what has he done to the mill?'

'May every guinea, shilling, tester, and penny he looks upon, from this day forth for evermore, be a blight to his eyes, and a canker to his heart! But I can't wish him a worse canker than what he has there already. Yes, he has the canker at heart! Is not he eaten up with envy? as all who look at him may read in that evil eye. Bad luck to the hour when it fixed on the mill of Rosanna!'

'But what has he done to the mill? Take it patiently, and tell us quietly,' said farmer Gray, 'and do not curse the man any more.'

'Not curse the man! Take it quietly, master! Is it time to take it quietly, when he is at this present minute carrying off every drop of water from our mill-course? so he is, the villain!'

At these words, Stafford seized his oak stick, and sprang towards the door. Robin and John eagerly followed; but, as they

passed their father, he laid a hand on each, and called to Stafford to stop. At his respected voice they all paused. 'My children,' said he, 'what are you going to do? No violence. No violence. You shall have justice, boys, depend upon it; we will not let ourselves be oppressed. If Mr. Hopkins were ten times as great, and twenty times as tyrannical as he is, we shall have justice; the laws will reach him: but we must take care and do nothing in anger. Therefore, I charge you, let me speak to him, and do you keep your tempers whatever passes. May be, all this is only a mistake: perhaps Mr. Hopkins is only making drains for his own meadow; or, may be, is going to flood it, and does not know, till we tell him, that he is emptying our water-course.'

'He can't but know it! He can't but know it! He's 'cute enough, and too 'cute,' muttered Paddy, as he led the way to the mill. Stafford and the two brothers followed their father respectfully; admiring his moderation, and resolving to imitate it if they possibly could.

Mr. Hopkins was stationed cautiously on

the boundary of his own land. 'There he is, mounted on the back of the ditch, enjoying the mischief all he can!' cried Paddy. 'And hark! He is whistling, whilst our stream is running away from us. May I never cross myself again, if I would not, rather than the best shirt ever I had to my back, push him into the mud, as he deserves, this very minute! And, if it was n't for my master here, it 's what I'd do, before I drew breath again.'

Farmer Gray restrained Paddy's indignation with some difficulty; and, advancing calmly towards Mr. Hopkins, he remonstrated with him in a mild tone. 'Surely, Mr. Hopkins,' said he, 'you cannot mean to do us such an injury as to stop our mill?'

'I have not laid a finger on your mill,' replied Hopkins, with a malicious smile. 'If your man there,' pointing to Paddy, 'could prove my having laid a finger upon it, you might have your action of trespass; but I am no trespasser; I stand on my own land, and have a right to water my own meadow; and moreover have witnesses to prove that, for ten years last past, whilst the mill of Rosanna was in Simon O'Dougher-

ty's hands, the water-course was never full, and the mill was in disuse. The stream runs against you now, and so does the law, gentlemen. I have the best counsel's opinion in Ireland to back me. Take your remedy, when and where you can find it. Good morning to you.'

Without listening to one word more, Mr. Hopkins hastily withdrew; for he had no small apprehensions that Paddy, whose threats he had overheard, and whose eyes sparkled with rage, might execute upon him that species of prompt justice which no quibbling can evade.

'Do not be disheartened, my dear boys,' said farmer Gray to his sons; who were watching, with mournful earnestness, the slackened motion of their water-wheel. 'Saddle my horse for me, John; and get yourselves ready, both of you, to come with me to Counsellor Molyneux.'

'Oh! father,' said John, 'there is no use in going to him; for he is one of the candidates, you know, and Mr. Hopkins has a great many votes.'

'No matter for that,' said Gray: 'Mr Molyneux will do justice; that is my opi-

nion of him. If he was another sort of man, I would not trouble myself to go near him, nor stoop to ask his advice: but my opinion of him is, that he is above doing a dirty action, for votes or any thing else; and I am convinced his own interest will not weigh a grain of dust in the balance, against justice. Saddle the horses, boys.'

His sons saddled the horses; and all the way the farmer was riding, he continued trying to keep up the spirits of his sons, by assurances, that, if Counsellor Molyneux would take their affair in hand, there would be an end of all difficulty.

'He is not one of those justices of the peace,' continued he, 'who will huddle half a dozen poor fellows into jail without law or equity. He is not a man who goes into parliament, saying one thing, and who comes out saying another. He is not, like our friend, Sir Hyacinth O'Brien, forced to sell tongue, and brains, and conscience, to keep his head above water. In short, he is a man who dares to be the same, and can moreover afford to be the same, at election time as at any other time; for which reason, I dare to go to him now in this our distress,

although I have to complain of a man who has forty-six votes, which is the number, they say, Mr. Hopkins can command.'

Whilst farmer Gray was thus pronouncing a panegyric on Counsellor Molyneux, for the comfort of John and Robin, Stafford was trying to console Rose and her mother; who were struck with sorrow and dismay, at the news of the mill's being stopped. Stafford had himself almost as much need of consolation as they; for he foresaw it was impossible he should, at present, be united to his dear Rose. All that her generous brothers had to offer was a share in the mill. The father had his farm. but this must serve for the support of the whole family; and how could Stafford become a burden to them, now that they would be poor, when he could not bring himself to be dependant upon them, even when they were, comparatively speaking, rich?

CHAPTER V.

With anxious hearts the little party at the cottage expected the return of the father

and his sons. Rose sat at the window, watching for them: her mother laid down her knitting, and sighed; and Stafford was silent, for he had exhausted all his consolatory eloquence, and saw and felt it had no effect.

'Here they come! But they ride so slow, that I am sure they bring us no good news.'

No: there was not any good news. Counsellor Molyneux had indeed behaved as well as man could do: he had declared that he would undertake to manage and plead their cause in any court of justice on earth; and had expressed the strongest indignation against the villany of Hopkins; but, at the same time, he had fairly told the Grays that this litigious man, if they commenced a suit, might ruin them, by law, before they could recover their rights.

'So we may go to bed this night melancholy enough,' said Robin; 'with the certainty that our mill is stopped, and that we have a long lawsuit to go through, before we can see it going again—if ever we do.'

Rose and Stafford looked at one another, and sighed.

'We had better not go to law, to lose the little we have left, at any rate,' said Mrs. Gray.

'Wife, I am determined my boys shall have justice,' said the father firmly. 'I am not fond of law, God knows: I never had a lawsuit in my life; nobody dreads such things more than I do; but I dread nothing, in defence of my sons and justice. Whilst I have a penny left in the world, I'll spend it to obtain them justice. The labour of their lives shall not be in vain; they shall not be robbed of all they have: they shall not be trampled upon by any one living, let him be ever so rich, or ever so litigious. I fear neither his money nor his quirks of law. Plain sense is the same, for him and for me; and justice my boys shall have. Mr. Molyneux will plead our cause himself—I desire no more. If we fail and are ruined, our ruin be upon the head of him who works it. I shall die content, when I have done all I can to obtain justice for my children.' As soon as the facts were known everybody in the neighbourhood felt extreme indignation against Hopkins; and all joined in pitying the two brothers, and applauding

the spirit of their father. There was not an individual who did not wish that Hopkins might be punished; but he had been engaged in so many lawsuits, and had been so successful in screening himself from justice, and in ruining his opponents, that every body feared the Grays, though they were so much in the right, would never be able to make this appear, according to the forms of law: many, therefore, advised that it might not be brought to trial: but farmer Gray persisted, and Counsellor Molyneux steadily abided by his word, and declared he would plead the cause himself.

Mr. Hopkins sent the Counsellor a private hint, that if he directly or indirectly protected the Grays, he must give up all hopes of the forty-six votes which, as the county was now nearly balanced, must turn the election. Mr. Molyneux paid no attention to this hint; but, the very day on which he received it, visited farmer Gray in his cottage, walked with him to Rosanna-mill, and settled how the suit should be carried on.

Hopkins swore he would spare no expense to humble the pride both of the Grays and their protector: an unexpected

cumstance, however, occurred. It had ten been prophesied by Mr. Molyneux, ho knew the species of bargains which lopkins drove, with all manner of people y whose distresses he could make money, hat he would sooner or later overshoot his mark; as cunning persons often do. Mr. Molyneux predicted that, amongst the medley of his fraudulent purchases, he would at length be the dupe of some unsound title; and that, amongst the multitudes whom he ruined, he would at last meet with some one who would ruin him. The person who was the means of accomplishing this prophecy was indeed the last that would have been guessed—soft Simon O'Dougherty! In dealing with him, Mr. Hopkins, who thoroughly despised indolent honesty, was quite off his guard; and, in truth, poor Simon had no design to cheat him: but it happened that the lease, which he made over to Hopkins, as his title to the field that he sold, was a lease renewable for ever; with a strict clause, binding the lessee to renew, within a certain time after the failure of each life, under penalty of forfeiting the lease. From the natural laziness of easy

Simon, he had neglected to renew, and had even forgotten that the life was dropped: he assigned his lease over a bottle to Mr. Hopkins; who seized it with avidity, lest he should lose the lucky moment to conclude a bargain in which, he thought, he had at once overreached Simon, and had secured to himself the means of wreaking his vengeance upon the Grays. This lease was of the field adjoining to Rosanna-mill; and, by the testimony of some old people in the neighbourhood, he fancied he could prove that this meadow was anciently flooded, and that the mill-course had gone into disuse. In all his subsequent operations, he had carefully kept himself, as he thought, upon his own lands; but, now that a suit against him was instituted, it was necessary to look to his own title, into which he knew Mr. Molyneux would examine.

Upon reading over the lease assigned to him by Simon, he noticed the strict clause, binding the tenant to renew within a certain time. A qualm came over him! He was astonished at himself for not having more carefully perused the lease, before he concluded the bargain. Had it been with any

one but soft Simon, this could not have happened. He hastened in search of Simon with the utmost anxiety, to inquire whether all the lives were in being. Simon at first said he had such a mist over his memory that he could not exactly recollect who the lives were; but, at last, he made out that one of them had been dead beyond the time for renewal. The gentleman, his landlord, he said was in Dublin; and he had neglected, sure enough, to write to him from post to post.

The rage of Mr. Hopkins was excessive: he grew white with anger! Easy Simon yawned, and begged him not to take the thing so to heart: 'for, after all,' said he, 'you know the loss must be mine. I can't make good the sale of this field to you, as I have lost it by my own carelessness: but that's nothing to you; for you know, as well as I do, that, to make good the deficiency, you will, somehow or other, get a better piece of ground out of the small remains of patrimony I have left, God help me.'

'God help *you*, indeed!' cried Hopkins, with a look and accent of mingled rage and

contempt. 'I tell you, man, the loss is mine; and no other land you have, to sell or give, can make me any amends. I shall lose my lawsuit!'

'Wheugh! Wheugh! Why so much the better. Where's the use of having lawsuits. The loss of such bad things can never be great!'

'No trifling, pray,' said Hopkins, with impatience, as he walked up and down the room, and repeatedly struck his forehead.

'Ho! ho! ho! I begin to comprehend. I know whereabouts you are, now,' cried Simon. 'Is not it the Grays you are thinking of? Ay, that's the suit you are talking about. But now, Mr. Hopkins, you ought to rejoice, as I do, instead of grieving, that it is out of your power to ruin that family; for, in truth, they are good people, and have the voice of the country with them against you; and, if you were to win your suit twenty times over, that would still be the same. You would never be able to show your face; and, for my own part, my conscience would never forgive me for being instrumental, unknown to myself, in giving

you the power to do this mischief. And, after all, what put it into your head to stop Rosanna-mill, when its going gave you no trouble in life?'

Hopkins, who had not listened to one syllable Simon was saying, at this instant suddenly stopped walking; and, in a soft insinuating voice, addressed him in these words:

'Mr. O'Dougherty, you know I have a great regard for you.'

'May be so,' said Simon; 'though that is more than I ever knew you to have for any body.'

'Pray be serious. I tell you I have, and will prove it.'

'That is more and more surprising, Mr. Hopkins.'

'And which is more surprising still, I will make your fortune, if you will do a trifling kindness for me.'

'Any thing in nature, that won't give me an unreasonable deal of trouble.'

'Oh, this will give you no sort of trouble,' said Hopkins. 'I will get you, before this day sennight, that place in the revenue, that you have been wishing for so long, and

that Sir Hyacinth O'Brien will never get for you. I say I will ensure it to you under my hand, this minute, if you will do what I want of you.'

'To be sure I will, if it's no trouble. What is it?'

'Only just,' said Hopkins, hesitating; 'only just—You must remember—you cannot but recollect that you wrote to your landlord, to offer to renew?'

'I remember to recollect no such thing,' said Simon, surprised.

'Yes, yes,' said Hopkins; 'but he gave you no answer, you know.'

'But, I tell you, I never wrote to him at all.'

'Pshaw! You have a bad memory, Simon; and your letter might have miscarried. There's nothing simpler than that; nothing more easily said.'

'If it were but true,' said Simon.

'True or not, it may be said, you know.'

'Not by Simon O'Dougherty, Mr. Hopkins.'

'Look, you, Mr. O'Dougherty, I have a great regard for you,' continued Hopkins, holding him fast, and producing a pocket-

book full of bank notes. I must, thought he, come up to this scoundrel's price, for he has me now. He is more knave than fool, I see. 'Let us understand one another, my good friend Simon. Name your sum, and make me but a short affidavit, purporting that you did apply for this renewal, and you have your place in the revenue snug besides.'

'You don't know whom you are speaking to, Mr. Hopkins,' said Simon, looking over his shoulder, with cool and easy contempt. 'The O'Doughertys are not accustomed to perjuring themselves; and it's a trouble I would not take for any man, if he were my own father even; no, not for all the places in the revenue that ever were created, nor for all the bank notes ever you cheated mankind out of, Mr. Hopkins, into the bargain. No offence. I never talked of cheating, till you named perjury to me; for which I do not kick you down stairs, in the first place, because there are no stairs, I believe, to my house; next, because, if there were ever so many, it would be beneath me to make use of them upon any such occasion; and, lastly, it would be

quite too much trouble. Now we comprehend one another perfectly, I hope, Mr. Hopkins.'

Cursing himself, and overwhelmed with confusion, Mr. Hopkins withdrew. Proud of himself, and having a story to tell, Simon O'Dougherty hastened to Rosanna, to relate all that had happened to the Grays, and to congratulate them, as he said, upon his own carelessness.

The joy with which they listened to Simon's story was great; and in proportion to the anxiety they had suffered. In less than half an hour's time, they received a mean supplicating letter from Hopkins, entreating they would not ruin his reputation, and all his prospects in life, by divulging what had passed: and promising that the mill-stream of Rosanna should be returned to its proper channel, without any expense to them, and that he would make a suitable compensation in money, if they would bind themselves to secrecy.

It will easily be guessed that they rejected all his offers with disdain: the whole affair was told by them to Mr. Molyneux; and the next day all the neighbourhood knew it,

and triumphed in the detection of a villain, who had long been the oppressor of the poor. The neighbours all joined in restoring the water to the mill-course; and when Rosanna-mill was once more at work, the village houses were illuminated, and even the children showed their sympathy for the family of the Grays, by huge bonfires and loud huzzas.

Simon O'Dougherty's landlord was so much pleased, by the honesty he had shown in this affair, that he renewed the lease of the meadow, instead of insisting upon the forfeiture; and farmer Gray delighted poor Simon still more, by promising to overlook for him the management of the land, which still remained in his possession.

In the mean time, Mr. Hopkins, who could not go out of his own house without being insulted, or without fearing to be insulted, prepared to quit the country. 'But, before I go,' said he, 'I shall have the pleasure and triumph, at least, of making Mr. Molyneux lose his election.'

The Grays feared Mr. Molyneux would indeed be a sufferer for the generous protection he had afforded them in their dis-

tress. The votes were nearly balanced in the county; and the forty-six votes which Hopkins could command would decide the contest. There are often in real life instances of what is called poetical justice. The day before the election, Sir Hyacinth was arrested at the suit of Stafford; who chose his opportunity so well, that the sheriff, though he was a fast friend of the baronet's, could not refuse to do his duty. The sheriff had such a number of writs immediately put into his hands, that bail could not be found; and Mr. Molyneux was elected without opposition.

But, let us return, from the misery of arrests and elections, to peace, industry, family union and love, in the happy cottage of Rosanna. No obstacles now prevented the marriage of Stafford and Rose; it was celebrated with every simple demonstration of rural felicity. The bride had the blessings of her fond father and mother, the congratulations of her beloved brothers, and the applause of her own heart. Are not these better things than even forty fine wedding gowns; or a coach of Leader's best workmanship? Rose thought so, and her

future life proved she was not much mistaken. Stafford some time after his marriage took his wife to England, to see his mother, who was soon reconciled to him and her Irish daughter-in-law, whose gentle manners and willing obedience overcame her unreasonable dislike. Old Mrs. Stafford declared to her son, when he was returning, that she had so far got the better of what he called her prejudices, that, if she could but travel to Ireland without crossing the sea, she verily believed she would go and spend a year with him and the Grays at Rosanna.*

Feb. 1802.

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* Having heard, from good judges, that the language used by *Farmer Gray* in this story appears superior to his condition, we insert a letter which we lately received from him; matter, manner, and orthography *his own*.

"To R. L. EDGEWORTH, Esq.

"HON. SIR,

"I have read your valuable present with care, so has also the whole family; its design is excelent, it breaths forth a spirit of virtue and industry and in a word all the social virtues which constitute human happiness—Its other characters are admirably adapted to expose

vice in all its hideous forms, and gives us a view of those banefull principles which terminate in certain misery and proves beyond a doubt that many of mankind are the authors of their own calamities and frequently involve others in the same or similar unhappy circumstances—

"Thrice happy are they who in affluence endeavour thus to amend the morals of mankind, it's they only who enjoy true felicity—their example and their precepts have a powerfull influence on all around them and never fails to excite a virtuous emulation, except, among the utterly abandon'd and profligate—

"On the contrary, families in elevated situations of life who devote their time to dissipation and its sensual allurements are the pest of society—the vices and crimes of the great are frequently imitated by the lower ranks —they all die, and no memorial left behind but that of folly and an ill-spent life—

"May that life of virtue so strongly recommended be long the shining ornament of you and your family and its end be rewarded with a crown of eternal happiness, which is the joint wish of the family of—

"FARMER GRAY."

"*July* 1*st*, 1804."

MURAD THE UNLUCKY.

MURAD THE UNLUCKY.

CHAPTER I.

It is well known that the Grand Seignior amuses himself by going at night, in disguise, through the streets of Constantinople; as the Caliph, Haroun Alraschid, used formerly to do in Bagdad.

One moonlight night, accompanied by his grand vizier, he traversed several of the principal streets of the city, without seeing any thing remarkable. At length, as they were passing a rope-maker's, the Sultan recollected the Arabian story of Cogia-Hassan Alhabal, the rope-maker, and his two friends, Saad and Saadi, who differed so much in their opinion concerning the influence of fortune over human affairs.

'What is your opinion on this subject?' said the Grand Seignior to his vizier.

'I am inclined, please your majesty,' replied the vizier, 'to think that success in the world depends more upon prudence than upon what is called luck, or fortune.'

'And I,' said the Sultan, 'am persuaded that fortune does more for men than prudence. Do you not every day hear of persons who are said to be fortunate, or unfortunate? How comes it that this opinion should prevail amongst men, if it be not justified by experience?'

'It is not for me to dispute with your majesty,' replied the prudent vizier.

'Speak your mind freely; I desire and command it,' said the sultan.

'Then I am of opinion,' answered the vizier, 'that people are often led to believe others fortunate, or unfortunate, merely because they only know the general outline of their histories; and are ignorant of the incidents and events in which they have shown prudence, or imprudence. I have heard, for instance, that there are at present, in this city, two men, who are remarkable for their good and bad fortune: one is called *Murad the Unlucky*, and the other *Saladin the Lucky*. Now I am inclined to think, if we could hear their stories, we should find that one is a prudent and the other an imprudent character.'

'Where do these men live?' interrupted the sultan. 'I will hear their histories, from their own lips, before I sleep.'

'Murad the Unlucky lives in the next square,' said the vizier.

The sultan desired to go thither immediately. Scarcely had they entered the square, when they heard the cry of loud lamentations. They followed the sound till they came to a house, of which the door was open: and where there was a man tearing his turban, and weeping bitterly. They asked the cause of his distress, and he pointed to the fragments of a china vase, which lay on the pavement at his door.

'This seems undoubtedly to be beautiful china,' said the sultan, taking up one of the broken pieces; 'but can the loss of a china vase be the cause of such violent grief and despair?'

'Ah, gentlemen,' said the owner of the vase, suspending his lamentations, and looking at the dress of the pretended merchants, 'I see that you are strangers: you do not know how much cause I have for grief and despair! You do not know that you are speaking to Murad the Unlucky! Were

you to hear all the unfortunate accidents that have happened to me, from the time I was born till this instant, you would perhaps pity me, and acknowledge I have just cause for despair.'

Curiosity was strongly expressed by the sultan; and the hope of obtaining sympathy inclined Murad to gratify it, by the recital of his adventures. 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'I scarcely dare invite you into the house of such an unlucky being as I am; but, if you will venture to take a night's lodging under my roof, you shall hear at your leisure the story of my misfortunes.'

The sultan and the vizier excused themselves from spending the night with Murad; saying that they were obliged to proceed to their khan, where they should be expected by their companions: but they begged permission to repose themselves for half an hour in his house, and besought him to relate the history of his life, if it would not renew his grief too much to recollect his misfortunes.

Few men are so miserable as not to like to talk of their misfortunes, where they have, or where they think they have, any

chance of obtaining compassion. As soon as the pretended merchants were seated. Murad began his story in the following manner:

'My father was a merchant of this city. The night before I was born, he dreamed that I came into the world with the head of a dog, and the tail of a dragon; and that, in haste to conceal my deformity, he rolled me up in a piece of linen, which unluckily proved to be the Grand Seignior's turban; who, enraged at his insolence in touching his turban, commanded that his head should be struck off.

'My father wakened before he lost his head; but not before he had half lost his wits from the terror of his dream. Being a firm believer in predestination, he was persuaded that I should be the cause of some great evil to him; and he took an aversion to me even before I was born. He considered his dream as a warning, sent from above, and consequently determined to avoid the sight of me. He would not stay to see whether I should really be born with the head of a dog, and the tail of a

dragon; but he set out, the next morning, on a voyage to Aleppo.

'He was absent for upwards of seven years; and, during that time, my education was totally neglected. One day, I inquired, from my mother, why I had been named Murad the Unlucky? She told me, that this name was given to me in consequence of my father's dream; but she added that, perhaps, it might be forgotten, if I proved fortunate in my future life. My nurse, a very old woman, who was present, shook her head, with a look which I never shall forget, and whispered to my mother loud enough for me to hear, "Unlucky he was, and is, and ever will be. Those that are born to ill luck cannot help themselves: nor can any but the great prophet, Mahomet himself, do any thing for them. It is a folly for an unlucky person to strive with their fate: it is better to yield to it at once."

'This speech made a terrible impression upon me, young as I then was; and every accident that happened to me afterwards confirmed my belief in my nurse's pro-

gnostic. I was in my eighth year when my father returned from abroad. The year after he came home my brother Saladin was born, who was named Saladin the Lucky, because, the day he was born, a vessel, freighted with rich merchandise for my father, arrived safely in port.

'I will not weary you with a relation of all the little instances of good fortune, by which my brother Saladin was distinguished, even during his childhood. As he grew up, his success, in every thing he undertook, was as remarkable as my ill luck, in all that I attempted. From the time the rich vessel arrived, we lived in splendour; and the supposed prosperous state of my father's affairs was, of course, attributed to the influence of my brother Saladin's happy destiny.

'When Saladin was about twenty, my father was taken dangerously ill; and, as he felt that he should not recover, he sent for my brother to the side of his bed, and, to his great surprise, informed him that the magnificence, in which we had lived, had exhausted all his wealth; that his affairs were in the greatest disorder; for, having

trusted to the hope of continual success, he had embarked in projects beyond his powers.

'The sequel was, he had nothing remaining, to leave to his children, but two large china vases, remarkable for their beauty, but still more valuable on account of certain verses, inscribed upon them in an unknown character, which were supposed to operate as a talisman, or charm, in favour of their possessors.

'Both these vases my father bequeathed to my brother Saladin; declaring he could not venture to leave either of them to me, because I was so unlucky that I should inevitably break it. After his death, however, my brother Saladin, who was blessed with a generous temper, gave me my choice of the two vases; and endeavoured to raise my spirits, by repeating, frequently, that he had no faith either in good fortune or ill fortune.

'I could not be of his opinion; though I felt and acknowledged his kindness, in trying to persuade me out of my settled melancholy. I knew it was in vain for me to exert myself, because I was sure that, do

what I would, I should still be Murad the Unlucky. My brother, on the contrary, was no ways cast down, even by the poverty in which my father left us: he said he was sure he should find some means of maintaining himself, and so he did.

'On examining our china vases, he found in them a powder of a bright scarlet colour; and it occurred to him that it would make a fine dye. He tried it; and, after some trouble, it succeeded to admiration.

'During my father's life-time, my mother had been supplied with rich dresses, by one of the merchants who was employed by the ladies of the Grand Seignior's seraglio. My brother had done this merchant some trifling favours; and, upon application to him, he readily engaged to recommend the new scarlet dye. Indeed it was so beautiful that, the moment it was seen, it was preferred to every other colour. Saladin's shop was soon crowded with customers; and his winning manners and pleasant conversation were almost as advantageous to him as his scarlet dye. On the contrary I observed, that the first glance at my melancholy countenance was sufficient to disgust every one who saw

me. I perceived this plainly; and it only confirmed me the more in my belief in my own evil destiny.

'It happened one day that a lady, richly apparelled and attended by two female slaves, came to my brother's house to make some purchases. He was out, and I alone was left to attend the shop. After she had looked over some goods, she chanced to see my china vase, which was in the room. She took a prodigious fancy to it, and offered me any price, if I would part with it: but this I declined doing, because I believed that I should draw down upon my head some dreadful calamity, if I voluntarily relinquished the talisman. Irritated by my refusal, the lady, according to the custom of her sex, became more resolute in her purpose; but neither entreaties nor money could change my determination. Provoked beyond measure at my obstinacy, as she called it, she left the house.

On my brother's return, I related to him what had happened, and expected that he would have praised me for my prudence: but, on the contrary, he blamed me for the superstitious value I set upon the

verses on my vase; and observed that it would be the height of folly to lose a certain means of advancing my fortune, for the uncertain hope of magical protection. I could not bring myself to be of his opinion; I had not the courage to follow the advice he gave. The next day the lady returned, and my brother sold his vase to her for ten thousand pieces of gold. This money he laid out in the most advantageous manner, by purchasing a new stock of merchandise. I repented, when it was too late; but, I believe, it is part of the fatality attending certain persons, that they cannot decide rightly at the proper moment. When the opportunity has been lost, I have always regretted that I did not do exactly the contrary to what I had previously determined upon. Often, whilst I was hesitating, the favourable moment passed*. Now this is what I call being unlucky. But to proced with my story.

'The lady, who bought my brother Saladin's vase, was the favourite of the Sul-

* "Whom the Gods wish to destroy, they first deprive of understanding."

tana, and all-powerful in the Seraglio. Her dislike to me, in consequence of my opposition to her wishes, was so violent that she refused to return to my brother's house, whilst I remained there. He was unwilling to part with me; but I could not bear to be the ruin of so good a brother. Without telling him my design, I left his house, careless of what should become of me. Hunger, however, soon compelled me to think of some immediate mode of obtaining relief. I sat down upon a stone, before the door of a baker's shop: the smell of hot bread tempted me in, and with a feeble voice I demanded charity.

'The master baker gave me as much bread as I could eat, upon condition that I should change dresses with him, and carry the rolls for him through the city this day. To this I readily consented; but I had soon reason to repent of my compliance. Indeed, if my ill luck had not, as usual, deprived me at the critical moment of memory and judgment, I should never have complied with the baker's treacherous proposal. For some time before, the people of Constantinople had been much dissatisfied with the

weight and quality of the bread, furnished by the bakers. This species of discontent has often been the sure forerunner of an insurrection: and, in these disturbances, the master bakers frequently lose their lives. All these circumstances I knew; but they did not occur to my memory, when they might have been useful.

'I changed dresses with the baker; but scarcely had I proceeded through the adjoining street, with my rolls, before the mob began to gather round me, with reproaches and execrations. The croud pursued me even to the gates of the Grand Seignior's palace; and the Grand Vizier, alarmed at their violence, sent out an order to have my head struck off: the usual remedy, in such cases, being to strike off the baker's head.

'I now fell upon my knees, and protested I was not the baker for whom they took me; that I had no connection with him; and that I had never furnished the people of Constantinople with bread that was not weight. I declared I had merely changed clothes with a master baker, for

this day; and that I should not have done so, but for the evil destiny which governs all my actions. Some of the mob exclaimed that I deserved to lose my head for my folly; but others took pity on me, and, whilst the officer, who was sent to execute the vizier's order, turned to speak to some of the noisy rioters, those who were touched by my misfortune opened a passage for me through the crowd, and thus favoured I effected my escape.

'I quitted Constantinople: my vase I had left in the care of my brother. At some miles distance from the city, I overtook a party of soldiers. I joined them; and, learning that they were going to embark with the rest of the Grand Seignior's army for Egypt, I resolved to accompany them. If it be, thought I, the will of Mahomet that I should perish, the sooner I meet my fate the better. The despondency, into which I was sunk, was attended by so great a degree of indolence that I scarcely would take the necessary means to preserve my existence. During our passage to Egypt, I sat all day long upon the deck of the vessel, smoking my pipe: and I am convinced

that, if a storm had risen, as I expected, I should not have taken my pipe from my mouth: nor should I have handled a rope, to save myself from destruction. Such is the effect of that species of resignation or torpor, whichever you please to call it, to which my strong belief in *fatality* had reduced my mind.

'We landed however safely, contrary to my melancholy forebodings. By a trifling accident, not worth relating, I was detained longer than any of my companions in the vessel, when we disembarked; and I did not arrive at the camp, at El Arish, till late at night. It was moon-light, and I could see the whole scene distinctly. There was a vast number of small tents scattered over a desert of white sand; a few date trees were visible at a distance; all was gloomy, and all still; no sound was to be heard but that of the camels, feeding near the tents; and, as I walked on, I met with no human creature.

'My pipe was now out, and I quickened my pace a little towards a fire, which I saw near one of the tents. As I proceeded, my eye was caught by something sparkl

the sand: it was a ring. I picked it up, and put it on my finger, resolving to give it to the public crier the next morning, who might find out its rightful owner: but, by ill luck, I put it on my little finger, for which it was much too large; and as I hastened towards the fire to light my pipe, I dropped the ring. I stooped to search for it amongst the provender, on which a mule was feeding; and the cursed animal gave me so violent a kick on the head, that I could not help roaring aloud.

'My cries awakened those who slept in the tent, near which the mule was feeding. Provoked at being disturbed, the soldiers were ready enough to think ill of me: and they took it for granted that I was a thief, who had stolen the ring I pretended to have just found. The ring was taken from me by force; and the next day I was bastinadoed for having found it: the officer persisting in the belief that stripes would make me confess where I had concealed certain other articles of value, which had lately been missed in the camp. All this was the consequence of my being in a hurry to light my pipe, and of my having put the ring on a

nger that was too little for it; which no ne but Murad the Unlucky would have one.

'When I was able to walk again after my rounds were healed, I went into one of the ents distinguished by a red flag, having een told that these were coffee-houses. Whilst I was drinking coffee, I heard a tranger near me complaining that he had not been able to recover a valuable ring he had lost; although he had caused his loss to be published for three days by the public crier, offering a reward of two hundred sequins to whoever should restore it. I guessed that this was the very ring which I had unfortunately found. I addressed myself to the stranger, and promised to point out to him the person who had forced it from me. The stranger recovered his ring; and, being convinced that I had acted honestly, he made me a present of two hundred sequins, as some amends for the punishment which I had unjustly suffered on his account.

'Now you would imagine that this purse of gold was advantageous to me: far the

contrary; it was the cause of new misfortunes.

'One night, when I thought that the soldiers who were in the same tent with me were all fast asleep, I indulged myself in the pleasure of counting my treasure. The next day, I was invited by my companions to drink sherbet with them. What they mixed with the sherbet, which I drank, I know not: but I could not resist the drowsiness it brought on. I fell into a profound slumber; and, when I awoke, I found myself lying under a date tree, at some distance from the camp.

'The first thing I thought of, when I came to my recollection, was my purse of sequins. The purse I found still safe in my girdle; but, on opening it, I perceived that it was filled with pebbles, and not a single sequin was left. I had no doubt that I had been robbed by the soldiers with whom I had drunk sherbet; and I am certain that some of them must have been awake, the night I counted my money: otherwise, as I had never trusted the secret of my riches to any one, they could not have suspected me

of possessing any property; for, ever since I kept company with them, I had appeared to be in great indigence.

'I applied in vain to the superior officers for redress: the soldiers protested they were innocent; no positive proof appeared against them, and I gained nothing by my complaint but ridicule and ill-will. I called myself, in the first transport of my grief, by that name which, since my arrival in Egypt, I had avoided to pronounce: I called myself Murad the Unlucky! The name and the story ran through the camp; and I was accosted afterwards, very frequently, by this appellation. Some indeed varied their wit, by calling me Murad with the purse of pebbles.

'All that I had yet suffered is nothing, compared to my succeeding misfortunes.

'It was the custom at this time, in the Turkish camp, for the soldiers to amuse themselves with firing at a mark. The superior officers remonstrated against this dangerous practice,* but ineffectually. Some-

* Antis's Observations on the Manners and Customs of the Egyptians.

times a party of soldiers would stop firing for a few minutes, after a message was brought them from their commanders; and then they would begin again, in defiance of all orders. Such was the want of discipline, in our army, that this disobedience went unpunished. In the mean time, the frequency of the danger made most men totally regardless of it. I have seen tents pierced with bullets, in which parties were quietly seated, smoking their pipes; whilst those without were preparing to take fresh aim at the red flag on the top.

'This apathy proceeded, in some, from unconquerable indolence of body; in others, from the intoxication produced by the fumes of tobacco and of opium; but in most of my brother Turks, it arose from the confidence the belief in predestination inspired. When a bullet killed one of their companions, they only observed, scarcely taking the pipes from their mouths, "Our hour is not come: it is not the will of Mahomet that we should fall."

'I own that this rash security appeared to me, at first, surprising; but it soon ceased to strike me with wonder; and it even tended

to confirm my favourite opinion, that some were born to good and some to evil fortune. I became almost as careless as my companions, from following the same course of reasoning. It is not, thought I, in the power of human prudence to avert the stroke of destiny. I shall perhaps die to morrow; let me therefore enjoy to day.

'I now made it my study, every day, to procure as much amusement as possible. My poverty, as you will imagine, restricted me from indulgence and excess; but I soon found means to spend what did not actually belong to me. There were certain Jews, who were followers of the camp, and who, calculating on the probability of victory for our troops, advanced money to the soldiers; for which they engaged to pay these usurers exorbitant interest. The Jew, to whom I applied, traded with me also upon the belief that my brother Saladin, with whose character and circumstances he was acquainted, would pay my debts, if I should fall. With the money I raised from the Jew I continually bought coffee and opium, of which I grew immoderately fond. In the deli-

rium it created, I forgot all my misfortunes, all fear of the future.

'One day, when I had raised my spirits by an unusual quantity of opium, I was strolling through the camp, sometimes singing, sometimes dancing, like a madman, and repeating that I was not now Murad the Unlucky. Whilst these words were on my lips, a friendly spectator, who was in possession of his sober senses, caught me by the arm, and attempted to drag me from the place where I was exposing myself. "Do you not see," said he, "those soldiers, who are firing at a mark? I saw one of them, just now, deliberately taking aim at your turban; and, observe, he is now reloading his piece." My ill-luck prevailed even at the instant, the only instant in my life, when I defied its power. I struggled with my adviser, repeating, "I am not the wretch you take me for; I am not Murad the Unlucky." He fled from the danger himself: I remained, and in a few seconds afterwards a ball reached me, and I fell senseless on the sand.

'The ball was cut out of my body by an

awkward surgeon, who gave me ten times more pain than was necessary. He was particularly hurried, at this time, because the army had just received orders to march in a few hours, and all was confusion in the camp. My wound was excessively painful, and the fear of being left behind with those who were deemed incurable added to my torments. Perhaps, if I had kept myself quiet, I might have escaped some of the evils I afterwards endured; but, as I have repeatedly told you, gentlemen, it was my ill fortune never to be able to judge what was best to be done, till the time for prudence was past.

'During that day, when my fever was at the height, and when my orders were to keep my bed, contrary to my natural habits of indolence, I rose a hundred times and went out of my tent, in the very heat of the day, to satisfy my curiosity as to the number of the tents which had not been struck, and of the soldiers who had not yet marched. The orders to march were tardily obeyed; and many hours elapsed, before our encampment was raised. Had I submitted to my surgeon's orders, I might have been

in a state to accompany the most dilatory of the stragglers; I could have borne, perhaps, the slow motion of a litter, on which some of the sick were transported; but, in the evening, when the surgeon came to dress my wounds, he found me in such a situation that it was scarcely possible to remove me.

'He desired a party of soldiers, who were left to bring up the rear, to call for me the next morning. They did so; but they wanted to put me upon the mule which I recollected, by a white streak on its back, to be the cursed animal that had kicked me, whilst I was looking for the ring. I could not be prevailed upon to go upon this unlucky animal. I tried to persuade the soldiers to carry me, and they took me a little way; but, soon growing weary of their burden, they laid me down on the sand, pretending that they were going to fill a skin with water at a spring they had discovered, and bade me lie still and wait for th ir return.

'I waited and waited, longing for the water to moisten my parched lips; but no water came—no soldiers returned; and

there I lay, for several hours, expecting every moment to breathe my last. I made no effort to move, for I was now convinced my hour was come; and that it was the will of Mahomet that I should perish, in this miserable manner, and lie unburied like a dog: a death, thought I, worthy of Murad the Unlucky.

'My forebodings were not this time just; a detachment of English soldiers passed near the place where I lay; my groans were heard by them, and they humanely came to my assistance. They carried me with them, dressed my wound, and treated me with the utmost tenderness. Christians though they were, I must acknowledge that I had reason to love them better than any of the followers of Mahomet, my good brother only excepted.

'Under their care I recovered; but scarcely had I regained my strength before I fell into new disasters. It was hot weather, and my thirst was excessive. I went out, with a party, in hopes of finding a spring of water. The English soldiers began to dig for a well, in a place pointed out to them by one of their men of science. I was,

not inclined to such hard labour, but preferred sauntering on in search of a spring I saw at a distance something that looked like a pool of water; and I pointed it out to my companions. Their man of science warned me, by his interpreter, not to trust to this deceitful appearance; for that such were common in this country, and that, when I came close to the spot, I should find no water there. He added, that it was at a greater distance than I imagined; and that I should in all probability be lost in the desert, if I attempted to follow this phantom.

'I was so unfortunate as not to attend to his advice: I set out in pursuit of this accursed delusion, which assuredly was the work of evil spirits, who clouded my reason, and allured me into their dominion. I went on, hour after hour, in expectation continually of reaching the object of my wishes; but it fled faster than I pursued, and I discovered at last that the Englishman, who had doubtless gained his information from the people of the country, was right; and that the shining appearance, which I had taken for water, was a mere deception.

'I was now exhausted with fatigue: I looked back in vain after the companions I had left; I could see neither men, animals, nor any trace of vegetation in the sandy desert. I had no resource but, weary as I was, to measure back my footsteps, which were imprinted in the sand.

'I slowly and sorrowfully traced them as my guides in this unknown land. Instead of yielding to my indolent inclinations, I ought, however, to have made the best of my way back, before the evening breeze sprung up. I felt the breeze rising, and, unconscious of my danger, I rejoiced, and opened my bosom to meet it; but what was my dismay when I saw that the wind swept before it all trace of my footsteps in the sand. I knew not which way to proceed; I was struck with despair, tore my garments, threw off my turban, and cried aloud; but neither human voice nor echo answered me. The silence was dreadful. I had tasted no food for many hours, and I now became sick and faint. I recollected that I had put a supply of opium into the folds of my turban; but, alas! when I took my turban up, I found that the opium had fallen out. I

searched for it in vain on the sand, where I had thrown the turban.

'I stretched myself out upon the ground, and yielded without further struggle to my evil destiny. What I suffered, from thirst, hunger, and heat, cannot be described! At last, I fell into a sort of trance, during which images of various kinds seemed to flit before my eyes. How long I remained in this state I know not; but I remember that I was brought to my senses by a loud shout, which came from persons belonging to a caravan returning from Mecca. This was a shout of joy for their safe arrival at a certain spring, well known to them in this part of the desert.

'The spring was not a hundred yards from the spot where I lay; yet, such had been the fate of Murad the Unlucky, that he missed the reality, whilst he had been hours in pursuit of the phantom. Feeble and spiritless as I was, I sent forth as loud a cry as I could, in hopes of obtaining assistance; and I endeavoured to crawl to the place from which the voices appeared to come. The caravan rested for a considerable time, whilst the slaves filled the skins

with water, and whilst the camels took in their supply. I worked myself on towards them; yet, notwithstanding my efforts, I was persuaded that, according to my usual ill fortune, I should never be able to make them hear my voice. I saw them mount their camels! I took off my turban, unrolled it, and waved it in the air. My signal was seen! The caravan came towards me!

'I had scarcely strength to speak; a slave gave me some water; and, after I had drunk, I explained to them who I was, and how I came into this situation.

'Whilst I was speaking, one of the travellers observed the purse which hung to my girdle: it was the same the merchant, for whom I recovered the ring, had given to me; I had carefully preserved it, because the initials of my benefactor's name, and a passage from the Koran, were worked upon it. When he gave it to me, he said that, perhaps, we should meet again, in some other part of the world, and he should recognize me by this token. The person who now took notice of the purse was his brother; and, when I related to him how I had obtained it, he had the

goodness to take me under his protection. He was a merchant, who was now going with the caravan to Grand Cairo: he offered to take me with him, and I willingly accepted the proposal, promising to serve him as faithfully as any of his slaves. The caravan proceeded, and I was carried with it.

CHAPTER II.

'The merchant, who was become my master, treated me with great kindness; but, on hearing me relate the whole series of my unfortunate adventures, he exacted a promise from me, that I would do nothing without first consulting him. "Since you are so unlucky, Murad," said he, "that you always choose for the worst, when you choose for yourself, you should trust entirely to the judgment of a wiser or a more fortunate friend."

'I fared well in the service of this merchant, who was a man of a mild disposition, and who was so rich that he could af-

ford to be generous to all his dependents. It was my business to see his camels loaded and unloaded, at proper places, to count his bales of merchandise, and to take care that they were not mixed with those of his companions. This I carefully did, till the day we arrived at Alexandria; when, unluckily, I neglected to count the bales, taking it for granted that they were all right, as I had found them so the preceding day. However, when we were to go on board the vessel that was to take us to Cairo, I perceived that three bales of cotton were missing.

'I ran to inform my master, who, though a good deal provoked at my negligence, did not reproach me as I deserved. The public crier was immediately sent round the city, to offer a reward for the recovery of the merchandise; and it was restored by one of the merchant's slaves, with whom we had travelled. The vessel was now under sail; my master and I and the bales of cotton were obliged to follow in a boat; and, when we were taken on board, the captain declared he was so loaded that he could not tell where to stow the bales of

cotton. After much difficulty, he consented to let them remain upon deck; and I promised my master to watch them night and day.

'We had a prosperous voyage, and were actually in sight of shore, which the captain said we could not fail to reach early the next morning. I staid, as usual, this night upon deck; and solaced myself by smoking my pipe. Ever since I had indulged in this practice, at the camp at El Arish, I could not exist without opium and tobacco. I suppose that my reason was this night a little clouded with the dose I took; but, towards midnight, I was sobered by terror. I started up from the deck, on which I had stretched myself: my turban was in flames; the bale of cotton on which I had rested was all on fire. I awakened two sailors, who were fast asleep on deck. The consternation became general, and the confusion increased the danger. The captain and my master were the most active, and suffered the most in extinguishing the flames: my master was terribly scorched.

'For my part, I was not suffered to do any thing; the captain ordered that I should

be bound to the mast; and, when at last the flames were extinguished, the passengers, with one accord, besought him to keep me bound hand and foot, lest I should be the cause of some new disaster. All that had happened was, indeed, occasioned by my ill-luck. I had laid my pipe down, when I was falling asleep, upon the bale of cotton that was beside me. The fire from my pipe fell out, and set the cotton in flames. Such was the mixture of rage and terrour with which I had inspired the whole crew, that I am sure they would have set me ashore on a desert island, rather than have had me on board for a week longer. Even my humane master, I could perceive, was secretly impatient to get rid of Murad the Unlucky, and his evil fortune.

'You may believe that I was heartily glad when we landed, and when I was unbound. My master put a purse containing fifty sequins into my hand, and bade me farewell. "Use this money prudently, Murad, if you can," said he, "and perhaps your fortune may change." Of this I had little hopes: but determined to lay out my money as prudently as possible.

'As I was walking through the streets of Grand Cairo, considering how I should lay out my fifty sequins to the greatest advantage, I was stopped by one who called me by my name, and asked me if I could pretend to have forgotten his face. I looked steadily at him, and recollected to my sorrow, that he was the Jew, Rachub, from whom I had borrowed certain sums of money at the camp at El Arish. What brought him to Grand Cairo, except it was my evil destiny, I cannot tell. He would not quit me; he would take no excuses; he said he knew that I had deserted twice, once from the Turkish and once from the English army; that I was not entitled to any pay; and that he could not imagine it possible that my brother Saladin would own me, or pay my debts.

'I replied, for I was vexed by the insolence of this jewish dog, that I was not, as he imagined, a beggar; that I had the means of paying him my just debt, but that I hoped he would not extort from me all that exorbitant interest which none but a Jew could exact. He smiled, and answered that, if a Turk loved opium better than money, this

was no fault of his; that he had supplied me with what I loved best in the world; and that I ought not to complain, when he expected I should return the favour.

'I will not weary you, gentlemen, with all the arguments that passed between me and Rachub. At last, we compromised matters; he would take nothing less than the whole debt; but he let me have at a very cheap rate a chest of second-hand clothes, by which he assured me I might make my fortune. He brought them to Grand Cairo, he said, for the purpose of selling them to slave merchants; who, at this time of the year, were in want of them to supply their slaves: but he was in haste to get home to his wife and family, at Constantinople, and therefore he was willing to make over to a friend the profits of this speculation. I should have distrusted Rachub's professions of friendship, and especially of disinterestedness; but he took me with him to the khan, where his goods were, and unlocked the chest of clothes to show them to me. They were of the richest and finest materials, and had been but little worn. I could not doubt the evidence of

my senses: the bargain was concluded, and the Jew sent porters to my inn with the chest.

'The next day, I repaired to the public market-place; and, when my business was known, I had choice of customers before night: my chest was empty—and my purse was full. The profit I made, upon the sale of these clothes, was so considerable, that I could not help feeling astonishment at Rachub's having brought himself so readily to relinquish them.

'A few days after I had disposed of the contents of my chest, a Damascene merchant, who had bought two suits of apparel from me, told me, with a very melancholy face, that both the female slaves, who had put on these clothes, were sick. I could not conceive that the clothes were the cause of their sickness; but, soon afterwards, as I was crossing the market, I was attacked by at least a dozen merchants, who made similar complaints. They insisted upon knowing how I came by the garments, and demanded whether I had worn any of them myself. This day I had for the first time indulged myself with wearing a pair of

yellow slippers, the only finery I had reserved for myself out of all the tempting goods. Convinced by my wearing these slippers that I could have had no insidious designs, since I shared the danger whatever it might be, the merchants were a little pacified; but what was my terrour and remorse, the next day, when one of them came to inform me that plague boils had broken out under the arms of all the slaves, who had worn this pestilential apparel. On looking carefully into the chest, we found the word Smyrna written, and half effaced, upon the lid. Now the plague had for some time raged at Smyrna; and, as the merchants suspected, these clothes had certainly belonged to persons who had died of that distemper. This was the reason why the Jew was willing to sell them to me so cheap; and it was for this reason that he would not stay at Grand Cairo himself, to reap *the profits of his speculation.* Indeed, if I had paid attention to it at the proper time, a slight circumstance might have revealed the truth to me. Whilst I was bargaining with the Jew, before he opened the chest, he swallowed a large dram of brandy, and

stuffed his nostrils with spunge dipped in vinegar: this he told me he did to prevent his perceiving the smell of musk, which always threw him into convulsions.

'The horror I felt, when I discovered that I had spread the infection of the plague, and that I had probably caught it myself, overpowered my senses; a cold dew spread over all my limbs, and I fell upon the lid of the fatal chest in a swoon. It is said that fear disposes people to take the infection: however this may be, I sickened that evening, and soon was in a raging fever. It was worse for me whenever the delirium left me, and I could reflect upon the miseries my ill fortune had occasioned. In my first lucid interval, I looked round and saw that I had been removed from the khan to a wretched hut. An old woman, who was smoking her pipe in the farthest corner of my room, informed me that I had been sent out of the town of Grand Cairo by order of the Cadi, to whom the merchants had made their complaint. The fatal chest was burnt, and the house in which I had lodged razed to the ground. "And, if it had not been for me," continued the

old woman, "you would have been dead, probably at this instant; but I have made a vow, to our great prophet, that I would never neglect an opportunity of doing a good action: therefore, when you were deserted by all the world, I took care of you. Here too is your purse, which I saved from the rabble; and, what is more difficult, from the officers of justice: I will account to you for every para that I have expended; and will moreover tell you the reason of my making such an extraordinary vow."

'As I perceived that this benevolent old woman took great pleasure in talking, I made an inclination of my head to thank her for her promised history, and she proceeded; but I must confess I did not listen with all the attention her narrative doubtless deserved. Even curiosity, the strongest passion of us Turks, was dead within me. I have no recollection of the old woman's story. It is as much as I can do to finish my own.

'The weather became excessively hot: it was affirmed, by some of the physicians, that this heat would prove fatal to their

patients*; but, contrary to the prognostics of the physicians, it stopped the progress of the plague. I recovered, and found my purse much lightened by my illness. I divided the remainder of my money with my humane nurse, and sent her out into the city, to enquire how matters were going on.

'She brought me word that the fury of the plague had much abated; but that she had met several funerals, and that she had heard many of the merchants cursing the folly of Murad the Unlucky, who, as they said, had brought all this calamity upon the inhabitants of Cairo. Even fools, they say, learn by experience. I took care to burn the bed on which I had lain, and the clothes I had worn: I concealed my real name, which I knew would inspire detestation, and gained admittance, with a crowd of other poor wretches, into a Lazaretto, where I performed quarantine, and offered up prayers daily for the sick.

'When I thought it was impossible I could spread the infection, I took my pas-

* Antis's Observations of the Manners and Customs of the Egyptians.

sage home. I was eager to get away from Grand Cairo, where I knew I was an object of execration. I had a strange fancy haunting my mind; I imagined that all my misfortunes, since I left Constantinople, had arisen from my neglect of the talisman upon the beautiful china vase. I dreamed three times, when I was recovering from the plague, that a genius appeared to me, and said, in a reproachful tone, "Murad, where is the vase that was intrusted to thy care?"

'This dream operated strongly upon my imagination. As soon as we arrived at Constantinople, which we did, to my great surprise, without meeting with any untoward accidents, I went in search of my brother Saladin, to inquire for my vase. He no longer lived in the house in which I left him, and I began to be apprehensive that he was dead; but a porter, hearing my inquiries, exclaimed, "Who is there in Constantinople, that is ignorant of the dwelling of Saladin the Lucky! Come with me, and I will show it to you."

'The mansion to which he conducted me looked so magnificent, that I was almost

afraid to enter, lest there should be some mistake. But, whilst I was hesitating, the doors opened, and I heard my brother Saladin's voice. He saw me almost at the same instant I fixed my eyes upon him, and immediately sprang forward to embrace me. He was the same good brother as ever, and I rejoiced in his prosperity with all my heart. "Brother Saladin," said I, "can you now doubt that some men are born to be fortunate, and others to be unfortunate? How often you used to dispute this point with me!"

"Let us not dispute it now in the public street," said he, smiling; "but come in and refresh yourself, and we will consider the question afterwards at leisure."

"No, my dear brother," said I, drawing back, "you are too good: Murad the Unlucky shall not enter your house, lest he should draw down misfortunes upon you and yours. I come only to ask for my vase."

"It is safe," cried he, "come in and you shall see it: but I will not give it up till I have you in my house. I have none of

these superstitious fears: pardon me the expression, but I have none of these superstitious fears."

'I yielded, entered his house, and was astonished at all I saw! My brother did not triumph in his prosperity; but, on the contrary, seemed intent only upon making me forget my misfortunes: he listened to the account of them with kindness, and obliged me by the recital of his history; which was, I must acknowledge, far less wonderful than my own. He seemed, by his own account, to have grown rich in the common course of things; or rather, by his own prudence. I allowed for his prejudices, and, unwilling to dispute further with him, said, "You must remain of your opinion, brother; and I of mine: you are Saladin the Lucky, and I Murad the Unlucky; and so we shall remain to the end of our lives."

'I had not been in his house four days when an accident happened, which showed how much I was in the right. The favourite of the Sultan, to whom he had formerly sold his china vase, though her charms were now somewhat faded by time, still retained her

power, and her taste for magnificence. She commissioned my brother to bespeak for her, at Venice, the most splendid looking-glass that money could purchase. The mirror, after many delays and disappointments, at length arrived at my brother's house. He unpacked it, and sent to let the lady know it was in perfect safety. It was late in the evening, and she ordered it should remain where it was that night; and that it should be brought to the seraglio the next morning. It stood in a sort of anti-chamber to the room in which I slept; and with it were left some packages, containing glass chandeliers for an unfinished saloon in my brother's house. Saladin charged all his domestics to be vigilant this night; because he had money to a great amount by him, and there had been frequent robberies in our neighbourhood. Hearing these orders, I resolved to be in readiness at a moment's warning. I laid my scymitar beside me upon a cushion; and left my door half open, that I might hear the slightest noise in the anti-chamber, or the great staircase. About midnight, I was suddenly wakened by a noise in the anti-chamber. I started

up, seized my scymitar, and the instant I got to the door, saw, by the light of the lamp which was burning in the room, a man standing opposite to me, with a drawn sword in his hand. I rushed forward, demanding what he wanted, and received no answer; but, seeing him aim at me with his scymitar, I gave him, as I thought, a deadly blow. At this instant, I heard a great crash; and the fragments of the looking-glass, which I had shivered, fell at my feet. At the same moment, something black brushed by my shoulder: I pursued it, stumbled over the packages of glass, and rolled over them down the stairs.

'My brother came out of his room, to inquire the cause of all this disturbance; and, when he saw the fine mirror broken, and me lying amongst the glass chandeliers at the bottom of the stairs, he could not forbear exclaiming, "Well, brother! you are indeed Murad the Unlucky."

'When the first emotion was over, he could not, however, forbear laughing at my situation. With a degree of goodness, which made me a thousand times more sorry for the accident, he came down stairs to

help me up, gave me his hand, and said, "Forgive me, if I was angry with you at first. I am sure you did not mean to do me any injury; but tell me how all this has happened?"

'Whilst Saladin was speaking, I heard the same kind of noise which had alarmed me in the antichamber; but, on looking back, I saw only a black pigeon, which flew swiftly by me, unconscious of the mischief he had occasioned. This pigeon I had unluckily brought into the house the preceding day; and had been feeding and trying to tame it, for my young nephews. I little thought it would be the cause of such disasters. My brother, though he endeavoured to conceal his anxiety from me, was much disturbed at the idea of meeting the favourite's displeasure, who would certainly be grievously disappointed by the loss of her splendid looking-glass. I saw that I should inevitably be his ruin, if I continued in his house; and no persuasions could prevail upon me to prolong my stay. My generous brother, seeing me determined to go, said to me, "A factor, whom I have employed for some years to sell merchan-

dish for me, died a few days ago. Will you take his place? I am rich enough to bear any little mistakes you may fall into, from ignorance of business; and you will have a partner, who is able and willing to assist you."

'I was touched to the heart by this kindness; especially at such a time as this. He sent one of his slaves with me to the shop in which you now see me, gentlemen. The slave, by my brother's directions, brought with us my china vase, and delivered it safely to me, with this message: "The scarlet dye, that was found in this vase, and in its fellow, was the first cause of Saladin's making the fortune he now enjoys: he therefore does no more than justice, in sharing that fortune with his brother Murad."

'I was now placed in as advantageous a situation as possible; but my mind was ill at ease, when I reflected that the broken mirror might be my brother's ruin. The lady by whom it had been bespoken was, I well knew, of a violent temper; and this disappointment was sufficient to provoke her to vengeance. My brother sent me word this morning, however, that though her dis-

pleasure was excessive, it was in my power to prevent any ill consequences that might ensue. "In my power!" I exclaimed; "then, indeed, I am happy! Tell my brother there is nothing I will not do, to show him my gratitude, and to save him from the consequences of my folly."

'The slave, who was sent by my brother, seemed unwilling to name what was required of me, saying that his master was afraid I should not like to grant the request. I urged him to speak freely, and he then told me the favourite declared nothing would make her amends, for the loss of the mirror, but the fellow vase to that which she had bought from Saladin. It was impossible for me to hesitate; gratitude for my brother's generous kindness overcame my superstitious obstinacy: and I sent him word I would carry the vase to him myself.

'I took it down this evening, from the shelf on which it stood: it was covered with dust, and I washed it; but unluckily, in endeavouring to clean the inside from the remains of the scarlet powder, I poured hot water into it, and immediately I heard a simmering noise, and my vase, in a few in-

stants, burst asunder with a loud explosion. These fragments, alas! are all that remain. The measure of my misfortunes is now completed! Can you wonder, gentlemen, that I bewail my evil destiny? Am I not justly called Murad the Unlucky? Here end all my hopes in this world! Better would it have been if I had died long ago! Better that I had never been born! Nothing I ever have done, or attempted, has prospered. Murad the Unlucky is my name, and Ill-fate has marked me for her own.'

CHAPTER III.

The lamentations of Murad were interrupted by the entrance of Saladin. Having waited in vain for some hours, he now came to see if any disaster had happened to his brother Murad. He was surprised at the sight of the two pretended merchants; and could not refrain from exclamations, on beholding the broken vase. However, with his usual equanimity and good nature, he began to console Murad; and, taking up

the fragments, examined them carefully, one by one, joined them together again, found that none of the edges of the china were damaged, and declared he could have it mended so as to look as well as ever.

Murad recovered his spirits upon this. 'Brother,' said he, 'I comfort myself for being Murad the Unlucky, when I reflect that you are Saladin the Lucky. See, gentlemen,' continued he, turning to the pretended merchants, 'scarcely has this most fortunate of men been five minutes in company before he gives a happy turn to affairs. His presence inspires joy: I observe your countenances, which had been saddened by my dismal history, have brightened up, since he has made his appearance. Brother, I wish you would make these gentlemen some amends, for the time they have wasted in listening to my catalogue of misfortunes, by relating your history, which, I am sure, they will find rather more exhilarating.'

Saladin consented, on condition that the strangers would accompany him home, and partake of a social banquet. They at first repeated the former excuse of their being obliged to return to their inn: but at

length the Sultan's curiosity prevailed, and he and his vizier went home with Saladin the Lucky, who, after supper, related his history in the following manner:—

'My being called Saladin the Lucky first inspired me with confidence in myself: though I own that I cannot remember any extraordinary instances of good luck in my childhood. An old nurse of my mother's, indeed, repeated to me twenty times a day, that nothing I undertook could fail to succeed; because I was Saladin the Lucky. I became presumptuous and rash: and my nurse's prognostics might have effectually prevented their accomplishment, had I not, when I was about fifteen, been roused to reflection during a long confinement, which was the consequence of my youthful conceit and imprudence.

'At this time there was at the Porte a Frenchman, an ingenious engineer, who was employed and favoured by the Sultan to the great astonishment of many of my prejudiced countrymen. On the Grand Seignior's birthday, he exhibited some extraordinarily fine fireworks; and I, with numbers of the inhabitants of Constantinople, crowd-

ed to see them. I happened to stand near the place where the Frenchman was stationed; the crowd pressed upon him, and I amongst the rest: he begged we would, for our own sakes, keep at a greater distance; and warned us that we might be much hurt, by the combustibles which he was using. I, relying upon my good fortune, disregarded all these cautions; and the consequence was, that, as I touched some of the materials prepared for the fireworks, they exploded, dashed me upon the ground with great violence, and I was terribly burnt.

'This accident, gentlemen, I consider as one of the most fortunate circumstances of my life; for it checked and corrected the presumption of my temper. During the time I was confined to my bed, the French gentleman came frequently to see me. He was a very sensible man; and the conversations he had with me enlarged my mind, and cured me of many foolish prejudices: especially of that, which I had been taught to entertain, concerning the predominance of what is called luck, or fortune, in human affairs. "Though you are called Saladin

the Lucky," said he, "you find that your neglect of prudence has nearly brought you to the grave even in the bloom of youth. Take my advice, and henceforward trust more to prudence than to fortune. Let the multitude, if they will, call you Saladin the Lucky: but call yourself, and make yourself, Saladin the Prudent."

'These words left an indelible impression on my mind, and gave a new turn to my thoughts and character. My brother, Murad, has doubtless told you that our difference of opinion, on the subject of predestination, produced between us frequent arguments; but we could never convince one another, and we each have acted, through life, in consequence of our different beliefs. To this I attribute my success and his misfortunes.

'The first rise of my fortune, as you have probably heard from Murad, was owing to the scarlet dye, which I brought to perfection with infinite difficulty. The powder, it is true, was accidentally found by me in our china vases; but there it might have remained, to this instant, useless, if I

had not taken the pains to make it useful. I grant that we can only partially foresee and command events: yet on the use we make of our own powers, I think, depends our destiny. But, gentlemen, you would rather hear my adventures, perhaps, than my reflections; and I am truly concerned, for your sakes, that I have no wonderful events to relate. I am sorry I cannot tell you of my having been lost in a sandy desert. I have never had the plague, nor even been shipwrecked: I have been all my life an inhabitant of Constantinople, and have passed my time in a very quiet and uniform manner.

'The money I received from the Sultan's favourite for my china vase, as my brother may have told you, enabled me to trade on a more extensive scale. I went on steadily with my business; and made it my whole study to please my employers, by all fair and honourable means. This industry and civility succeeded beyond my expectations: in a few years, I was rich for a man in my way of business.

'I will not proceed to trouble you with

the journal of a petty merchant's life; I pass on to the incident which made a considerable change in my affairs.

'A terrible fire broke out near the walls of the Grand Seignior's seraglio*: as you are strangers, gentlemen, you may not have heard of this event; though it produced so great a sensation in Constantinople. The vizier's superb palace was utterly consumed; and the melted lead poured down from the roof of the mosque of St. Sophia. Various were the opinions formed by my neighbours, respecting the cause of the conflagration. Some supposed it to be a punishment for the Sûltan's having neglected, one Friday, to appear at the mosque of St. Sophia: others considered it as a warning sent by Mahomet, to dissuade the Porte from persisting in a war in which we were just engaged. The generality, however, of the coffee-house politicians, contented themselves with observing that it was the will of Mahomet that the palace should be consumed. Satisfied by this supposition, they took no precaution to prevent similar acci-

* *V.* Baron de Tott's Memoirs.

dents in their own houses. Never were fires so common in the city, as at this period: scarcely a night passed without our being wakened by the cry of fire.

'These frequent fires were rendered still more dreadful by villains, who were continually on the watch to increase the confusion by which they profited, and to pillage the houses of the sufferers. It was discovered that these incendiaries frequently skulked, towards evening, in the neighbourhood of the Bezestein, where the richest merchants store their goods: some of these wretches were detected in throwing *coundaks**, or matches, into the windows; and,

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* "A *coundak* is a sort of combustible, that consists only of a piece of tinder wrapped in brimstone matches, in the midst of a small bundle of pine shavings. This is the method usually employed by incendiaries. They lay this match by stealth behind a door, which they find open, or on a window; and, after setting it on fire, they make their escape. This is sufficient often to produce the most terrible ravages, in a town where the houses, built with wood and painted with oil of spike, afford the easiest opportunity to the miscreant who is disposed to reduce them to ashes. This method, employed by the incendiaries, and which often escapes the vigilance of

if these combustibles remained a sufficient time, they could not fail to set the house on fire.

'Notwithstanding all these circumstances, many even of those who had property to preserve continued to repeat, "It is the will of Mahomet;" and consequently to neglect all means of preservation. I, on the contrary, recollecting the lesson I had learned from the sensible foreigner, neither suffered my spirits to sink with superstitious fears of ill luck, nor did I trust presumptuously to my good fortune. I took every possible means to secure myself. I never went to bed without having seen that all the lights and fires in the house were extinguished; and that I had a supply of water in the cistern. I had likewise learned from my Frenchman that wet mortar was the most effectual thing for stopping the progress of flames: I therefore had a quantity of mortar made up, in one of my outhouses, which

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the masters of the houses, added to the common causes of fires, gave for some time very frequent causes of alarm." *Translation of Memoirs of Baron de Tott*, v. 1.

I could use at a moment's warning. These precautions were all useful to me: my own house, indeed, was never actually on fire; but the houses of my next door neighbours were no less than five times in flames, in the course of one winter. By my exertions, or rather by my precautions, they suffered but little damage; and all my neighbours looked upon me as their deliverer and friend: they loaded me with presents, and offered more indeed than I would accept. All repeated that I was Saladin the Lucky. This compliment I disclaimed; feeling more ambitious of being called Saladin the Prudent. It is thus that what we call modesty is often only a more refined species of pride. But to proceed with my story.

'One night, I had been later than usual at supper, at a friend's house: none but the *Passevans* *, or watch, were in the streets, and even they, I believe, were asleep.

* "It is the duty of the guardians of the different quarters of the city, who are called *Passevans*, to watch for fires: during the night, they run through their district, armed with large sticks, tipped with iron, which they strike against the pavement, and awaken the people with the cry of *Yangenvor!* or, there is a fire! and point *out the quarter* where it has appeared. A very high

'As I passed one of the conduits, which convey water to the city, I heard a trickling noise; and, upon examination, I found that the cock of the water-spout was half turned, so that the water was running out. I turned it back to its proper place, thought it had been left unturned by accident, and walked on; but I had not proceeded far before I came to another spout, and another, which were in the same condition. I was convinced that this could not be the effect merely of accident, and suspected that some ill-intentioned persons designed to let out and waste the water of the city, that there might be none to extinguish any fire that should break out in the course of the night.

'I stood still for a few moments, to consider how it would be most prudent to act. It would be impossible for me to run to all

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tower, in the palace of the Janissary Aga, as well as another at Galata, overlook all Constantinople; and there is a guard in each of these towers constantly looking out for the same object. It is there that a sort of larum, formed by beating two large drums, quickens the alarm, and conveys it rapidly down the canal, from whence a vast concourse of people, who are interested, run to their shops, as they often find them burnt or pillaged."—*De Tott's Memoirs*, vol. 1.

parts of the city, that I might stop the pipes that were running to waste. I first thought of wakening the watch, and the firemen, who were most of them slumbering at their stations; but I reflected that they were perhaps not to be trusted, and that they were in a confederacy with the incendiaries: otherwise, they would certainly, before this hour, have observed and stopped the running of the sewers in their neighbourhood. I determined to waken a rich merchant, called Damat Zade, who lived near me, and who had a number of slaves, whom he could send to different parts of the city, to prevent mischief, and give notice to the inhabitants of their danger.

'He was a very sensible active man, and one that could easily be wakened: he was not, like some Turks, an hour in recovering their lethargic senses. He was quick in decision and action; and his slaves resembled their master. He dispatched a messenger immediately to the grand vizier, that the Sultan's safety might be secured; and sent others to the magistrates, in each quarter of Constantinople. The large drums in the Janissary Aga's tower beat to rouse

the inhabitants; and scarcely had this been heard to beat half an hour before the fire broke out in the lower apartments of Damat Zade's house, owing to a *coundak*, which had been left behind one of the doors.

'The wretches, who had prepared the mischief, came to enjoy it, and to pillage; but they were disappointed. Astonished to find themselves taken into custody, they could not comprehend how their designs had been frustrated. By timely exertions, the fire in my friend's house was extinguished; and, though fires broke out, during the night, in many parts of the city, but little damage was sustained, because there was time for precautions; and, by the stopping of the spouts, sufficient water was preserved. People were wakened, and warned of the danger; and they consequently escaped unhurt.

'The next day, as soon as I made my appearance at the Bezestein, the merchants crouded round, calling me their benefactor, and the preserver of their lives and fortunes. Damat Zade, the merchant whom I had wakened the preceding night, presented to me a heavy purse of gold; and

put upon my finger a diamond ring of considerable value: each of the merchants followed his example, in making me rich presents: the magistrates also sent me tokens of their approbation; and the grand vizier sent me a diamond of the first water, with a line written by his own hand: "To the man who has saved Constantinople." Excuse me, gentlemen, for the vanity I seem to show in mentioning these circumstances. You desired to hear my history, and I cannot therefore omit the principal circumstance of my life. In the course of four and twenty hours, I found myself raised, by the munificent gratitude of the inhabitants of this city, to a state of affluence far beyond what I had ever dreamed of attaining.

'I now took a house suited to my circumstances, and bought a few slaves. As I was carrying my slaves home, I was met by a Jew, who stopped me, saying, in his language, "My Lord, I see, has been purchasing slaves: I could clothe them cheaply." There was something mysterious in the manner of this Jew, and I did not like his countenance; but I considered that I ought not to be governed by caprice in my deal-

ings, and that, if this man could really clothe my slaves more cheaply than another, I ought not to neglect his offer merely because I took a dislike to the cut of his beard, the turn of his eye, or the tone of his voice. I therefore bade the Jew follow me home, saying that I would consider of his proposal.

'When we came to talk over the matter, I was surprised to find him so reasonable in his demands. On one point, indeed, he appeared unwilling to comply. I required, not only to see the clothes I was offered, but, also, to know how they came into his possession. On this subject he equivocated; I therefore suspected there must be something wrong. I reflected what it could be, and judged that the goods had been stolen, or that they had been the apparel of persons who had died of some contagious distemper. The Jew showed me a chest, from which he said I might choose whatever suited me best. I observed that, as he was going to unlock the chest, he stuffed his nose with some aromatic herbs. He told me that he did so to prevent his smelling the musk, with which the chest was perfumed; musk, he said,

had an extraordinary effect upon his nerves. I begged to have some of the herbs which he used himself; declaring that musk was likewise offensive to me.

'The Jew, either struck by his own conscience, or observing my suspicions, turned as pale as death. He pretended he had not the right key, and could not unlock the chest; said he must go in search of it, and that he would call on me again.

'After he had left me, I examined some writing upon the lid of the chest that had been nearly effaced. I made out the word Smyrna, and this was sufficient to confirm all my suspicions. The Jew returned no more: he sent some porters to carry away the chest, and I heard nothing of him for some time; till one day, when I was at the house of Damat Zade, I saw a glimpse of the Jew passing hastily through one of the courts, as if he wished to avoid me. "My friend," said I to Damat Zade, "do not attribute my question to impertinent curiosity, or to a desire to intermeddle with your affairs, if I venture to ask the nature of your

business with the Jew, who has just now crossed your court?"

"He has engaged to supply me with clothing for my slaves," replied my friend, "cheaper than I can purchase it elsewhere. I have a design to surprise my daughter, Fatima, on her birth day, with an entertainment in the pavilion in the garden; and all her female slaves shall appear in new dresses on the occasion."

'I interrupted my friend, to tell him what I suspected relative to this Jew and his chest of clothes. It is certain that the infection of the plague can be communicated by clothes, not only after months but after years have elapsed. The merchant resolved to have nothing more to do with this wretch, who could thus hazard the lives of thousands of his fellow-creatures for a few pieces of gold: we sent notice of the circumstance to the cadi, but the cadi was slow in his operations; and, before he could take the Jew into custody, the cunning fellow had effected his escape. When his house was searched, he and his chest had disappeared: we discovered that he sailed

for Egypt, and rejoiced that we had driven him from Constantinople.

'My friend, Damat Zade, expressed the warmest gratitude to me. "You formerly saved my fortune: you have now saved my life; and a life yet dearer than my own, that of my daughter Fatima."

'At the sound of that name I could not, I believe, avoid showing some emotion. I had accidentally seen this lady; and I had been captivated by her beauty, and by the sweetness of her countenance; but, as I knew she was destined to be the wife of another, I suppressed my feeling, and determined to banish the recollection of the fair Fatima for ever from my imagination. Her father, however, at this instant, threw in my way a temptation, which it required all my fortitude to resist. "Saladin," continued he, "it is but just that you, who have saved our lives, should share our festivity. Come here on the birth day of my Fatima: I will place you in a balcony, which overlooks the garden, and you shall see the whole spectacle. We shall have *a feast of tulips;* in imitation of that which, as you know, is

held in the Grand Seignior's gardens*. I assure you, the sight will be worth seeing; and besides, you will have a chance of beholding my Fatima, for a moment, without her veil."

"That," interrupted I, "is the thing I most wish to avoid. I dare not indulge myself in a pleasure which might cost me the happiness of my life. I will conceal nothing from you, who treat me with so

* The feast of tulips, or Tchiragan, is so called because, at this feast, parterres of tulips are illuminated. "This is the flower," says the Baron de Tott, "of which the Turks are the fondest. The gardens of the Harem serve as the theatre of these nocturnal feasts. Vases of every kind, filled with natural or artificial flowers, are gathered there; and are lighted by an infinite number of lanterns, coloured lamps, and wax lights, placed in glass tubes, and reflected by looking-glasses disposed for that purpose. Temporary shops, filled with different sorts of merchandise, are occupied by women of the Harem, who represent, in suitable dresses, the merchants who might be supposed to sell them ******. Dancing and music prolong these entertainments, until the night is far advanced, and diffuse a sort of momentary gayety within these walls, generally devoted to sorrow and dulness." Vide *Memoirs of Baron de Tott*, v. 1.

much confidence. I have already beheld the charming countenance of your Fatima; but I know that she is destined to be the wife of a happier man."

'Damat Zade seemed much pleased by the frankness with which I explained myself; but he would not give up the idea of my sitting with him, in the balcony, on the day of the feast of tulips; and I, on my part, could not consent to expose myself to another view of the charming Fatima. My friend used every argument, or rather every sort of persuasion, he could imagine to prevail upon me: he then tried to laugh me out of my resolution; and, when all failed, he said, in a voice of anger, "Go then, Saladin, I am sure you are deceiving me; you have a passion for some other woman, and you would conceal it from me, and persuade me you refuse the favour I offer you from prudence; when, in fact, it is from indifference and contempt. Why could you not speak the truth of your heart to me with that frankness with which one friend should treat another?"

Astonished at this unexpected charge, and at the anger which flashed from the eyes

of Damat Zade, who, till this moment, had always appeared to me a man of a mild and reasonable temper, I was for an instant tempted to fly into a passion and leave him: but friends, once lost, are not easily regained. This consideration had power sufficient to make me command my temper. "My friend," replied I, "we will talk over this affair to morrow: you are now angry, and cannot do me justice, but to morrow you will be cool: you will then be convinced that I have not deceived you; and that I have no design but to secure my own happiness, by the most prudent means in my power, by avoiding the sight of the dangerous Fatima. I have no passion for any other woman."

"Then," said my friend, embracing me, and quitting the tone of anger which he had assumed only to try my resolution to the utmost, "then, Saladin, Fatima is yours."

'I scarcely dared to believe my senses! I could not express my joy! "Yes, my friend," continued the merchant, "I have tried your prudence to the utmost; it has been victorious, and I resign my Fatima to

you, certain that you will make her happy. It is true, I had a greater alliance in view for her: the Pacha of Maksoud has demanded her from me; but I have found, upon private inquiry, he is addicted to the intemperate use of opium; and my daughter shall never be the wife of one who is a violent madman one half the day, and a melancholy idiot during the remainder. I have nothing to apprehend from the Pacha's resentment; because I have powerful friends with the grand vizier, who will oblige him to listen to reason, and to submit quietly to a disappointment he so justly merits. And now, Saladin, have you any objection to seeing the feast of tulips?"

'I replied only by falling at the merchant's feet, and embracing his knees. The feast of tulips came, and on that day I was married to the charming Fatima! The charming Fatima I continue still to think her, though she has now been my wife some years. She is the joy and pride of my heart; and, from our mutual affection, I have experienced more felicity than from all the other circumstances of my life, which are called so fortunate. Her father gave me

the house in which I now live, and joined his possessions to ours; so that I have more wealth even than I desire. My riches, however, give me continually the means of relieving the wants of others; and therefore I cannot affect to despise them. I must persuade my brother Murad to share them with me, and to forget his misfortunes: I shall then think myself completely happy.

'As to the Sultana's looking-glass, and your broken vase, my dear brother,' continued Saladin, 'we must think of some means ——'

'Think no more of the Sultana's looking-glass, or of the broken vase,' exclaimed the Sultan, throwing aside his merchant's habit, and showing beneath it his own imperial vest. 'Saladin, I rejoice to have heard, from your own lips, the history of your life. I acknowledge, vizier, I have been in the wrong, in our argument,' continued the Sultan, turning to his vizier. 'I acknowledge that the histories of Saladin the Lucky, and Murad the Unlucky, favour your opinion, that prudence has more influence than chance, in human affairs. The success and happiness of Saladin seem to

me to have arisen from his prudence: by that prudence, Constantinople has been saved from flames, and from the plague. Had Murad possessed his brother's discretion, he would not have been on the point of losing his head, for selling rolls which he did not bake: he would not have been kicked by a mule, or bastinadoed for finding a ring: he would not have been robbed by one party of soldiers, or shot by another: he would not have been lost in a desert, or cheated by a Jew: he would not have set a ship on fire; nor would he have caught the plague, and spread it through Grand Cairo: he would not have run my Sultana's looking-glass through the body, instead of a robber: he would not have believed that the fate of his life depended on certain verses, on a china vase; nor would he, at last, have broken this precious talisman, by washing it with hot water. Henceforward, let Murad the Unlucky be named Murad the Imprudent: let Saladin preserve the surname he merits, and be henceforth called Saladin the Prudent.'

So spake the Sultan, who, unlike the generality of monarchs, could bear to find

himself in the wrong; and could discover his vizier to be in the right, without cutting off his head. History further informs us that the Sultan offered to make Saladin a Pacha, and to commit to him the government of a province; but Saladin the Prudent declined this honour; saying, he had no ambition, was perfectly happy in his present situation, and that, when this was the case, it would be folly to change, because no one can be more than happy. What further adventures befel Murad the Imprudent are not recorded: it is known only that he became a daily visitor to the *Teriaky;* and that he died a martyr to the immoderate use of opium.*

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* Those among the Turks, who give themselves up to an immoderate use of opium, are easily to be distinguished by a sort of ricketty complaint, which this poison produces in course of time. Destined to live agreeably only when in a sort of drunkenness, these men present a curious spectacle, when they are assembled in a part of Constantinople called Teriaky, or Tcharkissy; the market of opium-eaters. It is there that, towards the evening, you may see the lovers of opium arrive by the different streets which terminate at the Solymania (the greatest mosque in Constantinople): their pale and

melancholy countenances would inspire only co
sion, did not their stretched necks, their heads tw
to the right or left, their back-bones crooked,
shoulder up to their ears, and a number of other v
sical attitudes, which are the consequences of th
order, present the most ludicrous and the most la
ble picture.—*Vide* De Tott's Memoirs.

Jan. 1802.

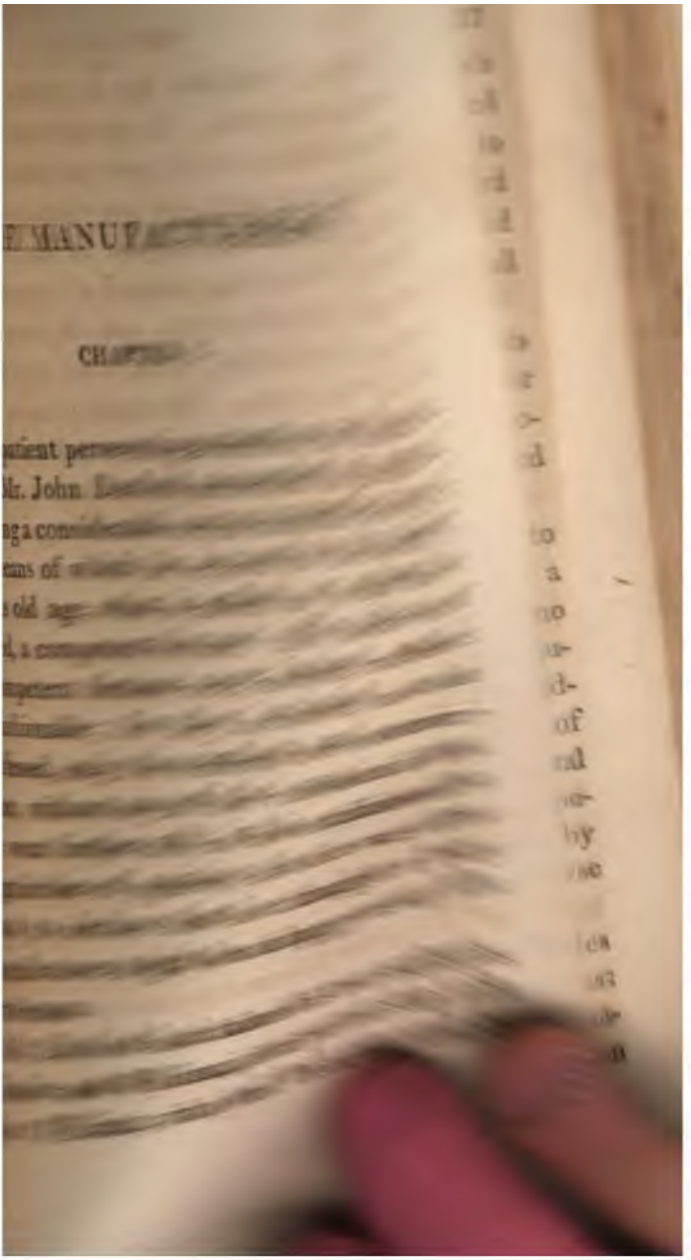
THE MANUFACTURERS.

THE MANUFACTURERS.

CHAPTER I.

By patient persevering attention to business, Mr. John Darford succeeded in establishing a considerable cotton manufactory; by means of which he secured to himself, in his old age, what is called, or what he called, a competent fortune. His ideas of a competent fortune were, indeed, rather unfashionable; for they included, as he confessed, only the comforts and conveniences, without any of the vanities of life. He went further still, in his unfashionable singularities of opinion, for he was often heard to declare that he thought a busy manufacturer might be as happy as any idle gentleman.

Mr. Darford had taken his two nephews, Charles and William, into partnership with him: William, who had been educated by



him, resembled him in character, habits, and opinions. Always active and cheerful, he seemed to take pride and pleasure in the daily exertions and care which his situation, and the trust reposed in him, required. Far from being ashamed of his occupations, he gloried in them; and the sense of duty was associated, in his mind, with the idea of happiness. His cousin Charles, on the contrary, felt his duty and his ideas of happiness continually at variance: he had been brought up in an extravagant family, who considered tradesmen and manufacturers as a *cast*, disgraceful to polite society. Nothing, but the utter ruin of his father's fortune, could have determined him to go into business.

He never applied to the affairs of the manufactory; he affected to think his understanding above such vulgar concerns, and spent his days in regretting that his brilliant merit was buried in obscurity.

He was sensible that he hazarded the loss of his uncle's favour by the avowal of his prejudices; yet, such was his habitual conceit, that he could not suppress frequent expressions of contempt for Mr. Darford's

liberal notions. Whenever his uncle's opinion differed from his own, he settled the argument, as he fancied, by saying to himself, or to his clerk, 'My uncle Darford knows nothing of the world! How should he, poor man; shut up as he has been all his life in a counting-house?'

Nearly sixty years' experience, which his uncle sometimes pleaded as an apology for trusting to his own judgment, availed nothing in the opinion of our prejudiced youth.

Prejudiced youth! did we presume to say? Charles would have thought this a very improper expression; for he had no idea that any but old men could be prejudiced. Uncles, and fathers, and grandfathers, were, as he thought, the race of beings peculiarly subject to this mental malady; from which all young men, especially those who have their boots made by a fashionable bootmaker, are of course exempt.

At length, the time came, when Charles was at liberty to follow his own opinions: Mr. Darford died, and his fortune and manufactory were equally divided between

his two nephews. 'Now!' said Charles, 'I am no longer chained to the oar. I will leave you, William, to do as you please, and drudge on, day after day, in the manufactory, since that is your taste: for my part, I have no genius for business. I shall take my pleasure; and all I have to do is to pay some poor devil for doing my business for me.'

'I am afraid the poor devil will not do your business as well as you would do it yourself,' said William: 'you know the proverb of the master's eye.'

'True! true! Very likely,' cried Charles, going to the window to look at a regiment of dragoons galloping through the town; 'but I have other employment for my eyes. Do look at those fine fellows, who are galloping by! Did you ever see a handsomer uniform than the colonel's? And what a fine horse! 'Gad! I wish I had a commission in the army: I should so like to be in his place this minute.'

'This minute? Yes, perhaps you would; because he has, as you say, a handsome uniform and a fine horse: but all his minutes may not be like this minute.'

'Faith, William, that is almost as soberly said as my old uncle himself could have spoken. See what it is to live shut up with old folks! You catch all their ways, and grow old, and wise, before your time.'

'The danger of growing wise before my time does not alarm me much: but perhaps, cousin, you feel that danger more than I do?'

'Not I,' said Charles, stretching himself still further out of the window to watch the dragoons, as they were forming on the parade in the market-place. 'I can only say, as I said before, that I wish I had been put into the army instead of into this cursed cotton manufactory. Now the army is a genteel profession; and I own I have spirit enough to make it my first object to look, and live like a gentleman.'

'And I have spirit enough,' replied William, 'to make it my first object to look and live like an independent man; and I think a manufacturer, whom you despise so much, may be perfectly independent. I am sure, for my part, I am heartily obliged to my uncle, for breeding me up to business; for now I am at no man's orders; no one

can say to me, "Go to the east, or go to the west: march here, or march there; fire upon this man, or run your bayonet into that." I do not think the honour and pleasure of wearing a red coat, or of having what is called a genteel profession, would make me amends for all that a soldier must suffer, if he does his duty. Unless it were for the defence of my country, for which I hope and believe I should fight as well as another, I cannot say that I should like to be hurried away from my wife and children, to fight a battle against people with whom I have no quarrel, and in a cause which perhaps I might not approve.'

'Well, as you say, William, you that have a wife and children are quite in a different situation from me. You cannot leave them, of course. Thank my stars, I am still at liberty; and I shall take care and keep myself so; my plan is to live for myself, and to have as much pleasure as I possibly can.'

Whether this plan, of living for himself, was compatible with the hopes of having as much pleasure as possible, we leave it to the heads and hearts of our readers to de-

cide. In the mean time, we must proceed with his history.

Soon after this conversation had passed between the two partners, another opportunity occurred of showing their characters still more distinctly.

A party of ladies and gentlemen travellers came to the town, and wished to see the manufactories there. They had letters of recommendation to the Mr. Darfords; and William, with great good-nature, took them to see their works. He pointed out to them, with honest pride, the healthy countenances of the children whom they employed.

'You see,' said he, 'that we cannot be reproached with sacrificing the health and happiness of our fellow-creatures to our own selfish and mercenary views. My good uncle took all the means in his power to make every person, concerned in this manufactory, as happy as possible; and I hope we shall follow his example. I am sure the riches of both the Indies could not satisfy me, if my conscience reproached me with having gained wealth by unjustifiable means. If these children were overworked,

or if they had not fresh air and wholesome food, it would be the greatest misery to me to come into this room and look at them. I could not do it. But, on the contrary, knowing, as I do, that they are well treated and well provided for in every respect, I feel joy and pride in coming amongst them, and in bringing my friends here.'

William's eyes sparkled, as he thus spoke the generous sentiments of his heart; but Charles, who had thought himself obliged to attend the ladies of the party to see the manufactory, evidently showed he was ashamed of being considered as a partner. William, with perfect simplicity, went on to explain every part of the machinery, and the whole process of the manufacture; whilst his cousin Charles, who thought he should that way show his superior liberality and politeness, every now and then interposed, with 'Cousin, I'm afraid we are keeping the ladies too long standing. Cousin, this noise must certainly annoy the ladies horridly. Cousin, all this sort of thing cannot be very interesting, I apprehend, to the ladies. Besides, they won't have time, at this rate, to see the china

works; which is a style of thing more to their taste, I presume.'

The fidgetting impatience of our hero was extreme; till, at last, he gained his point, and hurried the ladies away to the china works. Amongst these ladies there was one who claimed particular attention; Miss Maude Germaine, an *elderly young lady*, who, being descended from a high family, thought herself entitled to be proud. She was yet more vain than proud, and found her vanity in some degree gratified, by the officious attention of her new acquaintance, though she affected to ridicule him to her companions, when she could do so unobserved. She asked them, in a whisper, how they liked her new Cicerone; and whether he did not show the lions very prettily, considering who and what he was?

It has been well observed "that* people are never ridiculous by what they are, but by what they pretend to be." These ladies, with the best dispositions imaginable for sarcasm, could find nothing to laugh at in

* Rochefoucault.

Mr. William Darford's plain unassuming manners: as he did not pretend to be a fine gentleman, there was no absurd contrast between his circumstances and his conversation: whilst almost every word, look, or motion of his cousin was an object of ridicule, because it was affected. His being utterly unconscious of his foibles, and perfectly secure in the belief of his own gentility, increased the amusement of the company. Miss Maude Germaine undertook to play him off, but she took sufficient care to prevent his suspecting her design. As they were examining the beautiful china, she continually appealed to Mr. Charles Darford, as a man of taste; and he, with awkward gallantry, and still more awkward modesty, always began his answers by protesting, he was sure Miss Maude Germaine was infinitely better qualified to decide in such matters than he was: he had not the smallest pretensions to taste; but that, in his humble opinion, the articles she pitched upon were evidently the most superior in elegance, and certainly of the newest fashion. 'Fashion, you know, ladies, is all in all in these things, as in every thing else.'

Miss Germaine, with a degree of address which afforded much amusement to herself and her companions, led him to extol or reprobate whatever she pleased; and she made him pronounce an absurd eulogium on the ugliest thing in the room, by observing it was vastly like what her friend, Lady Mary Crawley, had just bought for her chimney-piece.

Not content with showing she could make our man of taste decide as she thought proper, she was determined to prove that she could make him reverse his own decisions, and contradict himself, as often as she pleased. They were at this instant standing opposite to two vases of beautiful workmanship. 'Now,' whispered she to one of her companions, 'I will lay you any wager I first make him say that both those vases are frightful; then that they are charming; afterward that he does not know which he likes best; next, that no person of any taste can hesitate betwixt them; and at last, when he has pronounced his decided humble opinion, he shall reverse his judgment, and protest he meant to say quite the contrary.'

All this the lady accomplished much to her satisfaction and to that of her friends; and, so blind and deaf is self-love, our hero neither heard nor saw that he was the object of derision. William, however, was rather more clear-sighted; and, as he could not bear to see his cousin make himself the butt of the company, he interrupted the conversation by begging the ladies would come into another room to look at the manner in which the china was painted. Charles, with a contemptuous smile, observed that the ladies would probably find the odour of the paint rather too much for their nerves. Full of the sense of his own superior politeness, he followed: since it was determined that they must go, as he said, '*nolens volens*.' He did not hear Miss Germaine whisper to her companions as they passed, 'Can any thing in nature be much more ridiculous than a vulgar manufacturer, who sets up for a fine gentleman?'

Amongst the persons who were occupied in painting a set of china with flowers, there was one who attracted particular attention, by the ease and quickness with which she worked. An iris of her painting was pro-

luced, which won the admiration of all the pectators; and, whilst Charles was falling nto ecstacies about the merit of the paint-ng, and the perfection to which the arts ıre now carried in England, William was)bserving the flushed and unhealthy coun-tenance of the young artist. He stopped to advise her not to overwork herself, to beg she would not sit in a draught of wind where she was placed, and to ask her, with much humanity, several questions concern-ing her health and her circumstances.

Whilst he was speaking to her, he did not perceive that he had set his foot by ac-cident on Miss Germaine's gown; and, as she walked hastily on, it was torn in a de-plorable manner. Charles apologized for his cousin's extreme absence of mind and rudeness; and with a candid condescension added, 'Ladies, you must not think ill of my cousin William, because he is not quite so much your humble servant as I am: not-withstanding his little rusticities, want of polish, gallantry, and so forth, things that are not in every man's power, I can assure you there is not a better man in the world; except that he is so entirely given up to

business, which indeed ruins a man for every thing else.'

The apologist little imagined he was at this moment infinitely more awkward and ill-bred, than the person whom he affected to pity, and to honour with his protection. Our hero continued to be upon the best terms possible with himself and with Miss Maude Germaine, during the remainder of this day. He discovered that this lady intended to pass a fortnight with a relation of hers, in the town of ——. He waited upon her the next day, to give her an account of the manner in which he had executed some commissions about the choice of china, with which she had honoured him.

One visit led to another; and Charles Darford was delighted to find himself admitted into the society of such very genteel persons. At first, he was merely proud of being acquainted with a lady of Miss Maude Germaine's importance; and contented himself with boasting of it to all his acquaintance: by degrees, he became more audacious; he began to fancy himself in love with her, and to flatter himself she would not prove inexorable. The raillery of some

of his companions piqued him to make good his boast; and he determined to pay his addresses to a lady, whom, they all agreed, could never think of a man in business.

Our hero was not entirely deluded by his vanity: the lady's coquetry contributed to encourage his hopes. Though she always spoke of him, to her friends, as a person whom it was impossible she could ever think of for a moment, yet, as soon as he made a declaration of his love to her, she began to consider that a manufacturer might have common sense, and even some judgment and taste. Her horror of people in business had continued in full force; but she began to allow there was no general rule that did not admit of an exception. When her female friends laughed, following the example she had set them, at Charles Darford, her laughter became fainter than theirs; and she was one evening heard to ask a stranger, who saw him for the first time, whether that young gentleman looked as if he was in business?

Sundry matters began to operate in our hero's favour: precedents, opportunely produced by her waiting-maid, of ladies of the

first families in England, ladies even of the first fashion, who had married into mercantile houses: a present too from her admirer of the beautiful china vase, of which she had so often made him change his opinion, had its due effect: but the preponderating motive was the dread of dying an old maid, if she did not accept of this offer.

After various airs, and graces, and doubts, and disdains, this fair lady consented to make her lover miserable, on the express conditions that he should change his name from Darford to Germaine, that he should give up all share in the odious cotton manufactory, and that he should purchase the estate of Germaine Park, in Northamptonshire, to part with which, as it luckily happened, some of her great relations were compelled.

In the folly of his joy, at the prospect of an alliance with the great Germaine family, he promised every thing that was required of him; notwithstanding the remonstrances of his friend, William, who represented to him, in the forcible language of common sense, the inconveniences of marrying into

a family that would despise him; and of uniting himself to such an old coquet as Miss Germaine; who would make him, not only a disagreeable, but a most extravagant wife.

'Do you not see,' said he, 'that she has not the least affection for you? she marries you only because she despairs of getting any other match; and because you are rich, and she is poor. She is seven years older than you, by her own confession, and consequently will be an old woman whilst you are a young man. She is, as you see—I mean as I see—vain and proud in the extreme; and, if she honours you with her hand, she will think you can never do enough to make her amends, for having married beneath her pretensions. Instead of finding in her, as I find in my wife, the best and most affectionate of friends, you will find her your torment through life; and consider this is a torment likely to last these thirty or forty years. Is it not worth while to pause—to reflect for as many minutes, or even days?'

Charles paused double the number of seconds, perhaps, and then replied, 'You

have married to please yourself, cousin William, and I shall marry to please myself. As I don't mean to spend my days in the same style in which you do, the same sort of wife that makes you happy could never content me. I mean to make some figure in the world; I know no other use of fortune; and an alliance with the Germaines brings me at once into fashionable society. Miss Maude Germaine is very proud, I confess; but she has some reason to be proud of her family; and then, you see, her love for me conquers her pride, great as it is.'

William sighed, when he saw the extent of his cousin's folly. The partnership between the two Darfords was dissolved.

It cost our hero much money, but no great trouble, to get his name changed from Darford to Germaine; and it was certainly very disadvantageous to his pecuniary interest to purchase Germaine Park, which was sold to him for at least three years' purchase more than its value: but, in the height of his impatience to get into the fashionable world, all prudential motives appeared beneath his consideration.

It was, as he fancied, part of the character of a man of spirit, the character he was now to assume and support for life, to treat pecuniary matters as below his notice. He bought Germaine Park, married Miss Germaine, and determined no mortal should ever find out, by his equipages or style of life, that he had not been born the possessor of this estate.

In this laudable resolution, it cannot possibly be doubted but that his bride encouraged him to the utmost of her power. She was eager to leave the county where his former friends and acquaintance resided; for they were people with whom, of course, it could not be expected that she should keep up any manner of intercourse. Charles, in whose mind vanity at this moment smothered every better feeling, was in reality glad of a pretext for breaking off all connection with those whom he had formerly loved. He went to take leave of William in a fine chariot, on which the Germaine arms were ostentatiously blazoned. That real dignity, which arises from a sense of independence of mind, appeared in William's manners; and quite overawed and abashed our hero,

in the midst of all his finery and airs. 'I hope, cousin William,' said Charles, 'when you can spare time, though, to be sure, that is a thing hardly to be expected, as you are situated; but, in case you should be able any ways to make it convenient, I hope you will come and take a look at what we are doing at Germaine Park.'

There was much awkward embarrassment in the enunciation of this feeble invitation: for Charles was conscious he did not desire it should be accepted; and that it was made in direct opposition to the wishes of his bride. He was at once relieved from his perplexity, and at the same time mortified, by the calm simplicity with which William replied, 'I thank you, cousin, for this invitation: but, as you know, I should be an incumbrance to you at GermainePark; and I make it a rule neither to go into any company that would be ashamed of me, or of which I should be ashamed.'

'Ashamed of you! But—What an idea, my dear William! Surely you don't think ——You can't imagine—I should ever consider you as any sort of incumbrance?—I protest——'

'Save yourself the trouble of protesting, my dear Charles,' cried William, smiling with much good-nature: 'I know why you are so much embarrassed at this instant; and I do not attribute this to any want of affection for me. We are going to lead quite different lives. I wish you all manner of satisfaction. Perhaps the time may come when I shall be able to contribute to your happiness more than I can at present.'

Charles uttered some unmeaning phrases, and hurried to his carriage. At the sight of its varnished pannels he recovered his self-complacency and courage; and began to talk fluently about chariots and horses, whilst the children of the family followed to take leave of him, saying, 'Are you going quite away, Charles? Will you never come back to play with us, as you used to do?'

Charles stepped into his carriage with as much dignity as he could assume: which, indeed, was very little. William, who judged of his friends always with the most benevolent indulgence, excused the want of feeling which Charles betrayed during this visit. 'My dear,' said he to his wife, who

expressed some indignation at the slight shown to their children, 'we must forgive him; for, you know, a man cannot well think of more than one thing at a time; and the one thing that he is thinking of is his fine chariot. The day will come when he will think more of fine children: at least I hope so, for his own sake.'

And now, behold our hero in all his glory; shining upon the Northamptonshire world in the splendour of his new situation! The dress, the equipage, the entertainments, and, above all, the airs of the bride and bridegroom, were the general subject of conversation in the county for ten days. Our hero, not precisely knowing what degree of importance Mr. Germaine, of Germaine Park, was entitled to assume, out-Germained Germaine.

The country gentlemen first stared, then laughed, and at last unanimously agreed, over their bottle, that this new neighbour of theirs was an upstart, who ought to be kept down; and that a vulgar manufacturer should not be allowed to give himself airs, merely because he had married a proud lady of good family. It was obvious, they

said, he was not born for the situation in which he now appeared. They remarked and ridiculed the ostentation with which he displayed every luxury in his house; his habit of naming the price of every thing, to enforce its claim to admiration; his affected contempt for economy; his anxiety to connect himself with persons of rank; joined to his ignorance of the genealogy of nobility, and the strange mistakes he made between old and new titles.

Certain little defects in his manners, and some habitual vulgarisms in his conversation, exposed him also to the derision of his well-bred neighbours. Mr. Germaine saw that the gentlemen of the county were leagued against him; but he had neither temper nor knowledge of the world sufficient to wage this unequal war. The meanness with which he alternately attempted to court and to bully his adversaries showed them, at once, the full extent of their power, and of his weakness.

Things were in this position when our hero unluckily affronted Mr. Cole, one of the proudest gentlemen in the county, by mistaking him for a merchant of the same

name; and, under this mistake, neglecting to return his visit. A few days afterwards, at a public dinner, Mr. Cole and Mr. Germaine had some high words, which were repeated by the persons present in various manners; and this dispute became the subject of conversation in the county, particularly amongst the ladies. Each related, according to her fancy, what her husband had told her: and, as these husbands had drunk a good deal, they had not a perfectly clear recollection of what had passed; so that the whole and every part of the conversation was exaggerated. The fair judges, averse as they avowed their feelings were to duelling, were clearly of opinion, among themselves, that a real gentleman would certainly have called Mr. Cole to account for the words he uttered; though none of them could agree what those words were.

Mrs. Germaine's female friends, in their coteries, were the first to deplore, with becoming sensibility, that she should be married to a man who had so little the spirit as well as the manners of a man of birth. Their pity became progressively vehement

the more they thought of, or at least the more they talked of, the business; till at last one old lady, the declared and intimate friend of Mrs. Germaine, unintentionally, and in the heat of tattle, made use of one phrase that led to another, and another, till she betrayed, in conversation with that lady, the gossipping scandal of these female circles.

Mrs. Germaine, piqued as her pride was, and though she had little affection for her husband, would have shuddered with horrour to have imagined him in the act of fighting a duel; and especially at her instigation: yet of this very act she became the cause. In their domestic quarrels, her tongue was ungovernable: at such moments, the malice of husbands and wives often appears to exceed the hatred of the worst of foes; and, in the ebullition of her vengeance, when his reproaches had stung her beyond the power of her temper to support, unable to stop her tongue, she vehemently told him he was a coward, who durst not so talk to a man! He had proved himself a coward; and was become the by-word and

contempt of the whole county! Even women despised his cowardice!

However astonishing it may appear to those who are unacquainted with the nature of quarrels between man and wife, it is but too certain that such quarrels have frequently led to the most fatal consequences. The agitation of mind which Mrs. Germaine suffered, the moment she could recollect what she had so rashly said, her vain endeavours to prove to herself that, so provoked, she could not say less, and the sudden effect which she plainly saw her words had produced upon her husband, were but a part of the punishment that always follows conduct and contentions so odious.

Mr. Germaine gazed at her, a few moments, with wildness in his eyes: his countenance expressed the stupefaction of rage: he spoke not a word; but started at length, and snatched up his hat. She was struck with panic terrour, gave a scream, sprang after him, caught him by the coat, and, with the most violent protestations, denied the truth of all she had said. The look he gave her cannot be described; he rudely

plucked the skirt from her grasp, and rushed out of the house.

All day, and all night, she neither saw nor heard of him: in the morning he was brought home, accompanied by a surgeon, in the carriage of a gentleman who had been his second, dangerously wounded.

He was six weeks confined to his bed; and, in the first moments of doubt expressed by the surgeon for his life, she expressed contrition which was really sincere: but, as he recovered, former bickerings were renewed; and the terms on which they lived gradually became what they had been.

Neither did his duel regain that absurd reputation for which he fought; it was malignantly said he had neither the courage to face a man, nor the understanding to govern a wife.

This afforded fresh subject of derision to those who scorned petticoat government; and in this, as in many other instances, Mrs. Germaine's pride defeated its own purposes. She began almost habitually to hate her husband, because she could not prevent him from being ridiculous. Still,

however, she consoled herself with the belief that the most shocking circumstance of his having been partner in a manufactory was a profound secret. Alas! the fatal moment arrived when she was to be undeceived in this her last hope. Soon after Mr. Germaine recovered from his wounds she gave a splendid ball; to which the neighbouring nobility and gentry were invited. She made it a point, with all her acquaintance, to come on this grand night.

The more importance the Germaines set upon success, and the more anxiety they betrayed, the more their enemies enjoyed the prospect of their mortification. All the young belles, who had detested Miss Maude Germaine for the airs she used to give herself at country assemblies, now leagued to prevent their admirers from accepting her invitation. All the married ladies, whom she had outshone in dress and equipage, protested they were not equal to keep up an acquaintance with such prodigiously fine people; and that, for their part, they must make a rule not to accept of such expensive entertainments, as it was not in their power to return them.

Some persons of consequence in the county kept their determination in doubt, suffered themselves to be besieged daily with notes and messages, and hopes that their imaginary coughs, head-achs, and influenzas, were better, and that they would find themselves able to venture out on the 15th.—When the coughs, head-achs, and influenzas, could hold out no longer, these ingenious tormentors devised new pretexts for supposing it would be impossible to do themselves the honour of accepting Mr. and Mrs. Germaines' obliging invitation on the 15th. Some had recourse to the roads, and others to the moon.

Mrs. Germaine, whose pride was now compelled to make all manner of concessions, changed her night from the 15th to the 20th; to ensure a full moon to those timorous damsels, whom she had known to go home nine miles from a ball the darkest night imaginable, without scruple or complaint. Mr. Germaine, at his own expense, mended some spots in the roads, which were obstacles to the delicacy of other travellers; and, when all this was accomplished, the haughty leaders of the county fashions con-

descended to promise they would do themselves the pleasure to wait upon Mr. and Mrs. Germaine on the 20th.

Their cards of acceptation were shown with triumph by the Germaines; but it was a triumph of short duration. With all the refinement of cruelty, they gave hopes which they never meant to fulfil. On the morning, noon, and night, of the 20th, notes poured in, with apologies, or rather with excuses, for not keeping their engagements. Scarcely one was burnt before another arrived. Mrs. Germaine could not command her temper; and she did not spare her husband, in this trying moment.

The arrival of some company for the ball interrupted a warm dispute between the happy pair. The ball was very thinly attended; the guests looked as if they were more inclined to yawn than to dance. The supper table was not half filled; and the profusion with which it was laid out was forlorn and melancholy: every thing was on too grand a scale for the occasion; wreaths of flowers, and pyramids, and triumphal arches, sufficient for ten times as many guests! Even the most inconsiderate

could not help comparing the trouble and expense, incurred by the entertainment, with the small quantity of pleasure it produced. Most of the guests rose from table, whispering to one another, as they looked at the scarcely-tasted dishes, 'What waste! What a pity! Poor Mrs. Germaine! What a melancholy sight this must be to her!'

The next day, a mock heroic epistle, in verse, in the character of Mrs. Germaine, to one of her noble relations, giving an account of her ball and disappointment, was handed about, and innumerable copies were taken. It was written with some humour and great ill-nature. The good old lady, who occasioned the duel, thought it but friendly to show Mrs. Germaine a copy of it; and to beg she would keep it out of her husband's way: it might be the cause of another duel! Mrs. Germaine, in spite of all her endeavours to conceal her vexation, was obviously so much hurt, by this mock heroic epistle, that the laughers were encouraged to proceed; and the next week a ballad, entitled THE MANUFACTURER TURNED GENTLEMAN, was circulated with the same injunctions to secrecy, and the

same success. Mr. and Mrs. Germaine, perceiving themselves to be the objects of continual enmity and derision, determined to leave the county. Germaine Park was forsaken; a house in London was bought; and, for a season or two, our hero was amused with the gayeties of the town, and gratified by finding himself actually moving in that sphere of life to which he had always aspired. But he soon perceived that the persons whom, at a distance, he had regarded as objects of admiration and envy, upon a nearer view, were capable of exciting only contempt or pity. Even in the company of honourable and right honourable men, he was frequently overpowered with *ennui;* and, amongst all the fine acquaintance with which his fine wife crowded his fine house, he looked in vain for a friend: he looked in vain for a William Darford.

One evening, at Ranelagh, Charles happened to hear the name of Mr. William Darford pronounced by a lady who was walking behind him: he turned eagerly to look at her; but, though he had a confused recollection of having seen her face before,

he could not remember when or where he had met with her. He felt a wish to speak to her, that he might hear something of those friends whom he had neglected, but not forgotten. He was not, however, acquainted with any of the persons with whom she was walking, and was obliged to give up his purpose. When she left the room, he followed her, in hopes of learning, from her servants, who she was; but she had no servants! no carriage!.

Mrs. Germaine, who clearly inferred she was a person of no consequence, besought her husband not to make any further inquiries. 'I beg, Mr. Germaine, you will not gratify your curiosity about the Darfords at my expense. I shall have a whole tribe of vulgar people upon my hands, if you do not take care. The Darfords, you know, are quite out of our line of life; especially in town.'

This remonstrance had a momentary effect upon Mr. Germaine's vanity; but, a few days afterwards, he met the same lady in the Park, attended by Mr. William Darford's old servant. Regardless of his lady's representations, he followed the sugges-

tions of his own heart, and eagerly stopped the man to inquire after his friends in the most affectionate manner. The servant, who was pleased to see that Charles was not grown quite so much a fine gentleman as to forget all his friends in the country, became very communicative: he told Mr. Germaine that the lady, whom he was attending, was a Miss Locke, governess to Mr. William Darford's children; and that she was now come to town to spend a few days with a relation, who had been very anxious to see her. This relation was not either rich or genteel; and, though our hero used every persuasion, to prevail upon his lady to show Miss Locke some civility whilst she was in town, he could not succeed. Mrs. Germaine repeated her former phrase again and again; 'The Darford's are quite out of our line of life:' and this was the only reason she would give.

Charles was disgusted by the obstinacy of his wife's pride: and indulged his better feelings, by going frequently to visit Miss Locke. She staid, however, but a fortnight in town; and the idea of his friends, which had been strongly recalled by his conversa-

tions with her, gradually faded away. He continued the course of life, into which he had been forced, rather from inability to stop than from inclination to proceed. Their winters were spent in dissipation in town; their summers wasted at watering-places, or in visits to fine relations, who were tired of their company, and who took but little pains to conceal this sentiment. Those who do not live happily at home can seldom contrive to live respectably abroad. Mr. and Mrs. Germaine could not purchase esteem; and never earned it, from the world, or from one another. Their mutual contempt increased every day. Only those who have lived with bosom friends, whom they despise, can fully comprehend the extent and intensity of the evil.

We spare our readers the painful detail of domestic grievances, and the petty mortifications of vanity: from the specimen we have already given, they may form some idea, but certainly not a competent one, of the manner in which this ill-matched pair continued to live together for twelve long years. Twelve long years! The imagina-

tion cannot distinctly represent such a period of domestic suffering; though, to the fancy of lovers, the eternal felicity to be ensured by their union is an idea perfectly familiar and intelligible. Perhaps, if we could bring our minds to dwell more upon the hours, and less upon the years of existence, we should make fewer erroneous judgments. Our hero and heroine would never have chained themselves together for life, if they could have formed an adequate picture of the hours contained in the everlasting period of twelve years of wrangling. During this time, scarcely an hour, certainly not a day, passed in which they did not, directly or indirectly, reproach one another; and tacitly form, or explicitly express, the wish that they had never been joined in holy wedlock.

They, however, had a family. Children are either the surest bonds of union between parents, or the most dangerous causes of discord. If parents agree in opinion as to the management of their children, they must be a continually increasing source of pleasure: but, where the father counteracts the mother, and the mother the father,

where the children cannot obey or caress either of their parents without displeasing the other, what can they become but wretched little hypocrites, or detestable little tyrants?

Mr. and Mrs. Germaine had two children, a boy and a girl. From the moment of their birth, they became subjects of altercation and jealousy. The nurses were obliged to decide whether the infants were most like the father or the mother: two nurses lost their places, by giving what was, in Mr. Germaine's opinion, an erroneous decision, upon this important question. Every stranger, who came to pay a visit, was obliged to submit to a course of interrogations on this subject; and afterwards, to their utter confusion, saw biting of lips and tossing of heads, either on the paternal or maternal side. At last, it was established that Miss Maude was the most like her mamma, and Master Charles the most like his papa. Miss Maude, of course, became the faultless darling of her mother; and Master Charles the mutinous favourite of his father. A comparison between their features, gestures, and manners, was daily

instituted; and always ended in words of scorn, from one party or the other. Even whilst they were pampering these children with sweetmeats, or inflaming them with wine, the parents had always the same mean and selfish views. The mother, before she would let her Maude taste the sweetmeats, insisted upon the child's lisping out that she loved mamma best; and before the little Charles was permitted to carry the bumper of wine to his lips, he was compelled to say he loved papa best. In all their childish quarrels, Maude ran roaring to her mamma, and Charles sneaked up to his papa.

As the interests of the children were so deeply concerned in the question, it was quickly discovered who ruled in the house with the strongest hand. Mr. Germaine's influence over his son diminished, as soon as the boy was clearly convinced that his sister, by adhering to her mamma, enjoyed a larger share of the good things. He was wearied out, by the incessant rebuffs of the nursery-maids, who were all in their lady's interests; and he endeavoured to find grace in their sight, by recanting all the declarations he had made in his father's favour·

'I don't like papa best now: I love mamma best to day.'

'Yes, Master, but you must love mamma best every day, or it won't do, I promise you.'

By such a course of nursery precepts, these unfortunate children were taught equivocation, falsehood, envy, jealousy, and every fault of temper which could render them insupportable to themselves, and odious to others. Those who have lived in the house with spoiled children, must have a lively recollection of the degree of torment they can inflict, upon all who are within sight or hearing. These domestic plagues became more and more obnoxious; and Mrs. Germaine, in the bitterness of her heart, was heard to protest she wished she had never had a child! Children were pretty things at three years old; but began to be great plagues at six, and were quite intolerable at ten.

Schools, and tutors, and governesses, were tried without number; but those capricious changes served only to render the pupils still more unmanageable. At length, Mr. and Mrs. Germaine's children became so

notoriously troublesome, that every body dreaded the sight of them.

One summer, when Mrs. Germaine was just setting out on a visit to my Lady Mary Crawley, when the carriage was actually at the door, and the trunks tied on, an express arrived from her ladyship with a letter, stipulating that neither Miss Maude nor Master Charles should be of the party. Lady Mary declared she had suffered so much from their noise, quarrelling, and refractory tempers, when they were with her the preceding summer, that she could not undergo such a trial again. That a mother's nerves might support such things, but that hers really could not. Besides, she could not, in justice and politeness to the other friends who were to be in her house, suffer them to be exposed to such torments. Lady Mary Crawley did not give herself any trouble to soften her expressions, because she would have been really glad if they had given offence, and if Mrs. Germaine had resented her conduct, by declining to pay that annual visit which was now become, in the worst sense of the word, visitation. To what meanness proud people are often forced to

submit! Rather than break her resolution never to spend another summer at her own country seat, Mrs. Germaine submitted to all the haughtiness of her Leicestershire relations; and continued absolutely to force upon them visits which she knew to be unwelcome.

But what was to be done about her children? The first thing, of course, was to reproach her husband. 'You see, Mr. Germaine, the effect of the pretty education you have given that boy of yours. I am sure, if he had not gone with us last summer into Leicestershire, my Maude would not have been in the least troublesome to Lady Mary.'

'On the contrary, my dear, I have heard Lady Mary herself say, twenty times, that Charles was the best of the two; and I am persuaded, if Maude had been away, the boy would have become quite a favourite.'

'There you are utterly mistaken, I can assure you, my dear; for you know you are no great favourite of Lady Mary's yourself; and I have often heard her say that Charles is your image.'

'It is very extraordinary that all your

great relations show us so little civility, my dear. They do not seem to have much regard for you.'

'They have regard enough for me, and showed it formerly; but of late, to be sure, I confess, things are altered. They never have been so cordial since my marriage; and, all things considered, I scarcely know how to blame them.'

Mr. Germaine bowed, by way of thanking his lady for this compliment. She besought him not to bow so like a man behind a counter, if he could possibly help it. He replied, it became him to submit to be schooled by a wife, who was often taken for his mother. At length, when every species of reproach, mental and personal, which conjugal antipathy could suggest, had been exhausted, the orators recurred to the business of the day, and to the question, 'What is to be done with the children whilst we are at Lady Mary Crawley's?'

CHAPTER II.

In this embarrassment we must leave the Germaines, for the present, and refresh ourselves with a look at a happy circle: the family of Mr. Darford, where there is no discordance of opinions, of tastes, or of tempers; none of those evils which arise sometimes from the disappointment, and sometimes from the gratification of vanity and pride.

Mr. Darford succeeded, beyond his most sanguine expectations, in the management of his business. Wealth poured in upon him; but he considered wealth like a true philosopher, only as one of the means of happiness: he did not become prodigal or avaricious; neither did he ever feel the slightest ambition to quit his own station in society. He never attempted to purchase, from people of superior rank, admission into their circles, by giving luxurious and ostentatious entertainments. He possessed a sturdy sense of his own value; and commanded a species of respect, very different

from that which is paid to the laced livery, or the varnished equipage.

The firmness of his character was, however, free from all severity: he knew how to pardon, in others, the weakness and follies from which he was himself exempt. Though his cousin was of such a different character, and though, since his marriage, Mr. Germaine had neglected his old friends, William felt more compassion for his unhappiness than resentment for his faults. In the midst of his own family, William would often say, 'I wish poor Charles may ever be as happy as we are!' Frequently, in his letters to London correspondents, he desired them to inquire, privately, how Mr. Germaine went on.

For some time he heard of nothing but his extravagance, and of the entertainments given to the fine world by Mrs. Germaine; but, in the course of a few years, his correspondents hinted that Mr. Germaine began to be distressed for money, and that this was a secret, which had been scrupulously kept from his lady, as scrupulously as she concealed from him her losses at play. Mr. Darford also learned from a correspondent,

who was intimately acquainted with one of Mrs. Germaine's friends, that this lady lived upon very bad terms with her husband; and that her children were terribly spoiled, by the wretched education they received.

These accounts gave William sincere concern; far from triumphing in the accomplishing of his prophecies, he never once recalled them to the memory even of his own family; all his thoughts were intent upon saving his friend from future pain.

One day, as he was sitting with his family round their cheerful tea-table, his youngest boy, who had climbed upon his knees, exclaimed, 'Papa! what makes you so very grave to night. You are not at all like yourself! What can make you sorry?'

'My dear little boy,' said his father, 'I was thinking of a letter I received to day from London.'

'I wish those letters would never come; for they always make you look sad, and make you sigh! Mamma, why do you not desire the servants not to bring papa any more such letters? What did this letter say to you, papa, to make you so gra e?'

'My dear,' said his father, smiling at the

child's simplicity, 'this letter told me that your little cousin Charles is not quite so good a boy as you are.'

'Then, papa, I will tell you what to do: send our Miss Locke to cousin Charles, and she will soon make him very good.'

'I dare say she would,' replied the father, laughing: 'but, my dear boy, I cannot send Miss Locke; and I am afraid she would not like to go: besides, we should be rather sorry to part with her.'

'Then, papa, suppose you were to send for my cousin; and Miss Locke could take care of him here, without leaving us?'

'Could take care of him—true; but would she? If you can prevail upon her to do so, I will send for your cousin.'

The proposal, though playfully made, was seriously accepted by Miss Locke; and the more willingly, as she remembered, with gratitude, the attention Mr. Germaine had paid to her some years before, when she had visited one of her poor relations in London.

Mr. Darford wrote immediately, to invite his cousin's children to his house; and the invitation was most gladly accepted, for it

was received the very day when Mr. and Mrs. Germaine were so much embarrassed by Lady Mary Crawley's absolute refusal to admit these children into her house. Mrs. Germaine was not too proud to accept of favours from those whom she had treated as beneath her acquaintance: "quite out of her line of life!" she dispatched her children directly to Mr. Darford's; and Miss Locke undertook the care of them. It was not an easy or agreeable task: but she had great obligations to Mrs. Darford, and was rejoiced at finding an opportunity of showing her gratitude.

Miss Locke was the young woman, whose painting of an iris had been admired by Charles and by Miss Maude Germaine, when they visited the china works, thirteen or fourteen years before this time. She was at that period very ill, and in great distress: her father had been a bankrupt, and to earn bread for herself and her sisters, she was obliged to work harder than her health and strength allowed. Probably she would have fallen a sacrifice to her exertions, if she had not been saved by the humanity of Mr. Darford. In him com-

passion was not a transient useless feeling, or a subject of sentimental parade: it was always followed by judicious and effectual measures for the relief of the objects of his commiseration; and, fortunately for him, he was married to a woman who sympathized in all his generous feelings, and who assisted him in every benevolent action.

Mrs. Darford, after making sufficient inquiries, as to the truth of the story and the character of the girl, was so much pleased with all she heard of her merit, and so much touched by her misfortunes, that she took Miss Locke into her family, to teach her daughters to draw. She well knew that a sense of dependence is one of the greatest evils; and she was careful to relieve the person whom she obliged from this painful feeling, by giving her an opportunity of being daily useful to her benefactress. Miss Locke soon recovered her health: she perceived she might be serviceable in teaching the children of the family many things, beside drawing; and, with unremitting perseverance, she informed her own mind, that she might be able to instruct her pupils. Year after year she pursued this

plan; and was rewarded by the esteem and affection of the happy family in which she lived.

But, though Miss Locke was a woman of great abilities, she had not the magical powers attributed to some characters in romance; she could not instantaneously produce a total reformation of manners. The habits of spoiled children are not to be changed, by the most skilful preceptress, without the aid of time. Miss Maude Germaine and her brother had tempers which tried Miss Locke's patience to the utmost; but, gradually, she acquired some influence over these wayward spirits. She endeavoured with her utmost skill to eradicate the jealousy which had been implanted in the minds of the brother and sister. They found that they were now treated with strict impartiality, and they began to live together more peaceably.

Time was willingly allowed to Miss Locke by their parents; who were glad to be disencumbered of their children. Eighteen months passed away, and no news were heard of Mr. and Mrs. Germaine; except that they continued the same extravagant

dissipated course of life, and that they began to be much embarrassed in their circumstances. At last Mr. Darford received a letter which informed him that an execution was laid on Mr. Germaine's fine house in town; and that he and his family were all in the greatest distress and affliction.

William hastened immediately to London. He was denied admittance at Mr. Germaine's; the porter, with an air of mystery, said that his master was ill, and did not choose to see any body. William, however, forced his way up stairs.

Charles, at the sight of him, stepped back, exclaiming, 'May I believe my eyes! William! Is it you?'

'Yes, it is William; your old friend William,' said Mr. Darford, embracing him affectionately. Pride and shame struggled in the mind of Charles; and, turning aside to repress the tears, which in the first instance of emotion had started into his eyes, he went to the farthest end of the room for an arm chair for his cousin, placed it with awkward ceremony, and said, 'Won't you be seated, cousin Darford? I am sure Mrs. Germaine and I are much indebted to you

and Mrs. Darford, for your goodness to our children. I was just thinking of writing to you about them;—but we are in sad confusion here, just at this moment. I am quite ashamed—I did not expect—Why did you never honour us with a visit before? I am sure you could not possibly have hit upon a more unlucky moment for a visit; for yourself, I mean.'

'If it proves lucky to you, my dear Charles,' replied William, mildly, 'I shall think it the most fortunate moment I could possibly have chosen.'

Vanquished by the tone of this reply, our hero burst into tears: he squeezed his friend's hand, but could not speak. Recovering himself after a few moments, he said, 'You are too good, cousin William, and always were! I thought you called in by accident; I had no supposition that you came on purpose to assist me in this moment of distress—embarrassment, I ought to say: for, in fact, it is only a mere temporary embarrassment.'

'I am heartily glad to hear it! But speak to me freely, Charles: do not conceal the

real state of your affairs from your best friend. What tendency could this have but to plunge you into irretrievable ruin?'

Charles paused for a minute. 'The truth of the matter is, my dear William,' continued he, 'that there are circumstances in this business, which I should be sorry reached Mrs. Germaine's ear, or any of her cursed proud relations; for, if once they heard of it, I should have no peace for the rest of my life. Indeed, as to peace, I cannot boast of much as it is: but it might be worse, much worse, if the whole truth came out. To you, however, I can trust it; though, in your line of life, it would be counted a shocking thing: but still you are so indulgent—'

William listened without being able to guess where this preamble would end.

'In the first place,' continued Charles, 'you know—Mrs. Germaine is almost ten years older than I am.'

'Six years, I thought you formerly told me?'

'I beg your pardon, ten—ten—within a few months. If I said six, it was before our

marriage, when I knew no better. She owns to seven; her own relations say eight; her nurse said nine; and I say ten.'

'Well, ten let it be; since you will have it so.'

'I should be very glad to have it otherwise, I promise you, if I could; for it is not very pleasant, to a man like me, to be *quizzed* by half the young men of fashion in town, for having married a woman old enough to be my mother.'

'Not quite old enough to be your mother,' said his cousin, in a conciliatory tone: 'these young men of fashion are not the best calculators. Mrs. Germaine could not well have been your mother, since, at the worst, by your own account, there is only ten years difference between you.'

'Oh, but that is not all; for, what is still worse, Mrs. Germaine, thanks to the raking hours she keeps, and gaming and fretting, looks full ten years older than she is. So that you see, in fact, there are twenty years between us.'

'I do not see it indeed,' replied William, smiling; 'but I am bound to believe what you assert. Let me ask you, to what

does this discussion, concerning poor Mrs. Germaine's age, tend?'

'To justify, or at least to excuse, poor Mr. Germaine for keeping a mistress, who is something younger, something prettier, and, above all, something more good-humoured, than his wife.'

'Perhaps the wife would be as good-humoured as the mistress, if she were as happy in possessing her husband's affections.'

'Affections! Oh Lord! Affections are out of the question. Mrs. Germaine does not care a straw about my affections.'

'And yet you dread that she should have the least hint of your having a mistress.'

'Of course. You don't see my jet. You don't consider what a devil of a handle that would give her against me. She has no more love for me than this table; but she is jealous beyond all credibility, and she knows right well how to turn her jealousy to account. She would go caballing amongst her tribes of relations, and get all the women and all the world on her side, with this

hue and cry of a mistress; and then I should be branded as the worst husband upon earth. That indeed I should laugh at, because all the young men in town would keep me in countenance; but Mrs. Germaine would rummage out the history of the sums of money I have given this girl, and then would set those against her play-debts, and I should have no more hold over her; for, you know, if I should begin to reproach her with the one, she would recriminate. She is a devil of a hand at that work! Neither you nor any man on earth, except myself, can form any idea of the temper of Mrs. Germaine! She is—to you, my dear friend, I may have the relief of saying so—She is, without exception, the most proud, peevish, selfish, unreasonable, extravagant, tyrannical, unfeeling woman in Christendom!'

'In Christendom! Oh, you exaggerate, Charles!'

'Exaggerate! upon my soul I do not: she is all I have said, and more.'

'More! Impossible. Come, I see how it is; she has been unlucky at the card-table; you are angry, and therefore you speak, as

angry people always do*, worse than you think.'

'No, not at all, I promise you. I am as perfectly cool as you are. You do not know Mrs. Germaine as well as I do.'

'But I know that she is much to be pitied, if her husband has a worse opinion of her than any body else expresses.'

'That is precisely because I am her husband—and know her better than other people do. Will not you give me leave to be the best judge in what relates to my own wife? I never, indeed, expected to hear you, of all people upon earth, cousin William, undertake her defence. I think I remember that she was no great favourite of yours before I married, and you dissuaded me as much as possible from the match: yet now you are quite become her advocate, and take her part to my face against me.'

'It is not taking her part against you, my dear Charles,' replied his cousin, 'to endeavour to make you better satisfied with your wife. I am not so obstinate in self-

* Swift.

opinion as to wish, at the expense of your domestic happiness, to prove that I was right in dissuading you from the match: on the contrary, I would do all in my power to make the best of it; and so should you.'

'Ah, cousin William, it is easy for you to talk of making the best of a bad match; you who are married to one of the best-tempered women alive! I wish you were to live with Mrs. Germaine for one month.'

William smiled; as much as to say, 'I cannot join in that wish.'

'Besides,' continued Charles, 'if I were to open my whole heart to you, you would pity me on another account. My wife is not my only plague! my mistress is almost as great a torment as my wife.'

'What! this mistress of whom you are so fond?'

'Ay! there is the curse! I cannot help being fond of her; and that she knows, and plays me off as she pleases. But I believe the little jilt loves me all the time; because she has offers enough, and from men of the first fashion, if she would leave me.

She is certainly a good girl: but then so passionate!'

'I thought you told me she was good-humoured,' interrupted his cousin.

'Well, so she is, at times, the best humoured creature in nature; and then she is charming: but when she falls into a passion, she is a little fury! absolutely a little devil! There is nothing she would not do. Now, do you know, all this terrible business, this execution against me, is her doing?'

'A singular proof of love!' said Mr. William Darford.

'Oh, the fool loves me, notwithstanding; I must do her that justice: but she is quite a child. I put her into a passion, by going down to Leicestershire when she wanted me to stay with her in town. She told me she would be revenged; but I could not believe she would go such lengths. She gave a note of mine, for two hundred guineas, to her uncle; and he got a writ. Now she is in despair about it. I saw her two hours ago all in tears, and tearing her hair, because her uncle won't consent to withdraw the execution. I am sure she is

really and truly sorry; and would give her eyes to get me out of this scrape.'

'Whether she would give her eyes, or not, I will not pretend to determine; but it is plain she would not pay two hundred guineas, "to get you out of this scrape:" and it is equally clear you must pay them. Now, where do you intend to get the money?'

'Ah, there 's the rub! I have not a farthing, till our next rents come in; and you see these heaps of bills.' Then the agent, who manages every thing, Heaven knows how, at Germaine Park, says tenants are breaking; that we are I do not know how much in his debt, and that we must sell; but that, if we sell in a hurry, and if our distress be talked of, we shall get nothing for the land, and so shall be ruined outright. Now this all originates in Mrs. Germaine's pride and positiveness: she never could be prevailed upon to go down to Germaine Park, these ten years past, because some of the Northamptonshire people affronted her: so our affairs have gone on just as the agent pleases; and he is a rascal, I am convinced, for he is always writing to

say we are in his debt. But indeed, my dear William, you are too good to take any interest in this history of my affairs: I am conscious that I have not treated you well.'

'Do not talk of that now; do not think of it, Charles,' interrupted Mr. Darford. 'I am come to town on purpose to be of all the service to you I can. I will discharge this writ upon one, and only upon one, condition.

'Upon any condition you please,' cried Charles. 'I will give you my bond. I will give you security upon the Germaine estate, if you require it.'

'I require no security; I require no bond, Charles; I require only a condition which I believe to be absolutely necessary for your happiness. Promise me you will break off all connection with this treacherous mistress of yours.'

'Treacherous! No, no! I assure you, you mistake the girl.'

'Mistake her or not, Charles, without arguing the matter further, on this one point I must be peremptory; and, positively, the *only* condition on which I will pay this

money is your promise never to see her again.'

Charles hesitated. 'Upon my soul,' cried he, 'I believe the girl will break her heart. But, then, she is so cursedly extravagant, she ruins me! I would have broke with her long ago, if I could have summoned up courage enough. After all, I believe it was more habit, idleness, and fashion, than any thing else that made me go to see her so often. When I did not know what to do with myself, or when I was put out of humour at home, I went to this girl. Well, let us say no more about it: she is not worth thinking of: I give her up. You may depend upon it, my dear William, I will have nothing more to do with her. I will, since you make that your ultimatum, never see her again.'

'Will you write to her then immediately, to let her know your determination?'

'Certainly; immediately.'

Charles wrote, to bid adieu to this mistress; to whom, by his own account, habit, idleness, fashion, and the want of a happy home, had attached him; and Wil-

liam gave him a draught for the amount of his debt, by which the execution was taken off.

Mr. Darford seized the moment when his cousin's mind was warmed with gratitude, to say a few words, as little in the form of advice as possible, in praise of economy.

'You know, my dear Charles,' said he, 'that I am, and always was, a very plain man, in my way of living; and I dare say my ideas will appear quite absurd to you, who are used to live with men of taste and fashion; but really these rooms, this furniture, and this house, appear to me fitter for a nobleman than for a man of your fortune.'

'It is so. Mrs. Germaine would insist upon my taking it. But I will part with it before next winter. I will advertise it immediately. I will begin a course of economy.'

Mr. Germaine's projects of economy were at this moment interrupted by the sudden entrance of his wife. Her eyes flashing with anger, she walked with the proud air of an enraged tragedy queen across the room,

seated herself upon a sofa, and, in a voice which trembled with ill-suppressed rage, said, 'I am to thank you, Mr. Germaine, for the many obliging things you have said of me this last hour! I have heard them all! You are under a mistake, Sir, if you imagine I have been hitherto your dupe. You have never imposed upon me for a moment. I have suspected, this twelvemonth, that you kept a mistress; and now I am happy to have the truth confirmed from your own lips. But I deserve all that has happened! I am justly treated! Weak woman, to marry as I did! No gentleman, Sir, would have behaved, or would have spoken as you have done! Could not you have been content with ruining yourself and your family, Mr. Germaine, by your profligate low tastes, without insulting me by base reflections upon my temper, and downright falsehoods about my age? No gentleman, Sir, would have treated me as you have done. I am the most miserable of women!'

Passion choked her utterance, and she fell back in a violent fit of hysterics. Mr. William Darford was much shocked at this

matrimonial scene. The lady had caught hold of his arm, in one of her convulsive motions; and she held it so fast that he could not withdraw. Charles stood in silent dismay. His conscience smote him; and, though he could not love this wife, he blamed himself for having rendered her "the most miserable of women." 'Leave her to me, Charles,' said Mr. Darford, 'and I will endeavour to set matters to rights.'

Charles shook his head, and left the room. Mrs. Germaine by degrees recovered herself; for a hysteric fit cannot last for ever. She cast her eyes round the room, and exclaimed, 'He has done well to leave me! Oh, that it were for ever! Oh, that we had never met! But may I ask why Mr. William Darford is here? My own servant—my own maid should have been summoned to attend me. We have servants still, Sir; and, humbled as I am, I see no necessity for submitting to have cool spectators of our family distresses, and family quarrels.'

'Believe me, Madam,' said Mr. Darford, 'I am not a cool spectator of either. I do

not wish to recal disagreeable things, but to obtain the right of speaking to you of your affairs as a friend. Permit me to remind you that, when I could not guess you heard me, I defended your interests.'

'Really, Sir, you spoke so low that I did not distinctly hear what you said; and my feelings were so much hurt, by all I heard from Mr. Germaine, who spoke loud enough, that I attended to nothing else. Upon recollection, I do however remember you made some offer to get Mr. Germaine out of his present embarrassments, upon condition that he would break off all connection with this girl, whom nobody knows; or rather whom every body knows *too* well.'

'And was not this offer of mine some proof, Mrs. Germaine, that I wish your happiness?'

'Why really, Mr. Darford, having lived in the world as I have done from my childhood, I am not apt to expect much friendship from any one; especially from people in the habits of calculation; and I have been so much deceived, where I have unguardedly trusted to the friendship and

love of a man brought up in—that sort of way, that you must forgive me if I could not bring my mind to think you had any concern for my happiness in the offer you made. I did indeed suppose it would be a mortifying circumstance, to you, to see your cousin quite ruined by this infamous creature. I say, I did imagine you would be shocked at seeing your cousin sent to gaol. That, you know, is a thing discreditable to a whole family, let it be of what sort it may. From your kindness to our children, I see you consider us as relations. Every human being, I do suppose, has some family pride in their own way.'

'I own I have a great deal of family pride, in my own way, Madam,' replied Mr. Darford, with a calm smile; 'I am proud, for instance, of having, and of being able to maintain in perfect independence, a number of good and affectionate children, and a wife, whose good sense and sweetness of temper constitute the happiness of my existence!'

Mrs. Germaine coloured, threw back her head, and strove to conceal the anguish of her conscience. William was sorry he had

inflicted pain, but he saw that the only way to make himself understood, in this conversation, was to assert that real superiority of character to which, in certain situations the factitious pretensions of rank or fashion never fail to yield.

'You are at liberty, Mrs. Germaine,' continued William, 'to interpret my offers and my actions as you think proper; but you will, when you are cool, observe that neither I nor any of my family have any thing to gain from you or yours: not even a curtesy, or a bow, in public places; for we do not frequent them. We live retired, and have no connection with fine people: we preserve our own independence by confining ourselves to our own station in life; and by never desiring to quit it, or to ape those who are called our betters. From what I have just heard you say, I think it possible you may have formed the idea that we invited your children to our house with the selfish supposition that the *connection*, I believe that is the fashionable phrase, might be advantageous to our own? But this is quite a mistake. Our children will live as we do: they have no idea of forming high

connections, because they have been taught not to think them necessary to happiness. I assure you it is not my habit to talk so much of myself, and of mine; but I thought it best to explain the truth to you at once, as this was the only way to gain your confidence, and as we have neither of us time to spare.'

'Very true,' said Mrs. Germaine.

'And now, Madam, I have a proposal to make to you, which I hope you will take as it is meant. I understand, from Mr. Germaine, you have some play debts.'

'Mr. Germaine does not know their amount,' said Mrs. Germaine; lowering her voice, as if she apprehended she might be overheard.

'If you will trust me with that secret, I will not make a bad use of it.'

Mrs. Germaine in a whisper named the sum. It was certainly considerable, for the naming of it made Mr. Darford step back with surprise. After a few minutes' thought, he recovered himself, and said, 'This is a larger debt than I was aware of, but we will see what can be done. From the time that Charles and I dissolved our partner-

ship, I have never remitted my attention to business; and that very circumstance, for which you must despise me, puts it now in my power to assist you without injuring my own family. I am a man who speak my mind freely; perhaps bluntly. You must solemnly promise me you will never again play at any game of hazard. Upon this condition, I will pay your present debt immediately.'

With all the eagerness of a person who wishes to seize an offer which appears too generous to be repeated, Mrs. Germaine promised all that was required. Her debts were paid.

And now her benefactor had hopes that she and her husband would live more prudently; and that they might still enjoy some portion of domestic happiness. Vain hopes! Charles really wished to retrench his expenses; but Mrs. Germaine's pride was an insuperable obstacle to all his plans of economy. She had always been accustomed to such and such things. There was no possibility of living without them. Her relations would be perfectly astonished if she did not appear in the style in which she

had always lived before her marriage. Provoked by the insolent absurdity of such arguments, Mr. Germaine insisted with the authoritative voice of a husband who was conscious that he had both reason and power on his side. Hence arose daily altercations, more bitter even than those which jealousy had formerly occasioned. Some wives acknowledge they can more easily forgive a husband's infidelity than his interference in the regulation of their household expenses. Of this class of amiable females was Mrs. Germaine. Though her husband strictly adhered to his promise, never to have any further connection with his mistress, yet he was not rewarded by any increase of affection or kindness from his wife; on the contrary, she seemed to be rather vexed that she was deprived of this legitimate subject of complaint. She could not, with so much tragic effect, bewail that her husband would ruin himself, and her, by his follies.

To loud altercations, silent hatred succeeded. Mrs. Germaine grew sullen, low-spirited, nervous, and hysterical. Among fashionable medical dowagers, she became

an interesting personage; but this species of consequence was by no means sufficient to support her self-complacency, and, as she declared, she felt herself incapable of supporting the intolerable burden of *ennui*.

In various situations, the conduct of many individuals may be predicted with certainty, by those who are acquainted with their previous habits. Habit is, to weak minds, a species of moral predestination, from which they have no power to escape. Their common language expresses their sense of their own inability to struggle against that destiny which their previous folly has prepared. They usually say, "For my part, I cannot help doing so and so. I know it is very wrong. I know it is my ruin; but I own I cannot resist. It is in vain to argue with me! It is my way. It is my fate."

Mrs. Germaine found herself led, "by an irresistible impulse," to the card-table, notwithstanding her solemn promise never more to play at any game of hazard. It was in vain to argue with her. "It was her way. It was her fate! She knew it was

very wrong: she knew it was her ruin; but she could not resist!"

In the course of a few months, she was again involved in debt: and she had the meanness, and the assurance, again to apply to the generosity of Mr. William Darford. Her letter was written in the most abject strain, and was full of all the flattering expressions which she imagined must, from a woman of her birth and consequence in the world, have a magical effect upon one in Mr. William Darford's station. She was surprised when she received a decided refusal. He declined all further interference, as he perceived it was impossible that he could be of any real utility. He forbore to reproach the lady with her breach of promise; 'She will,' said he to himself, 'be sufficiently punished by the consequences of her own conduct: I would not increase her distress.'

A separation from her husband was the immediate consequence. Perhaps it may be thought that, to Mrs. Germaine, this would be no punishment: but the loss of all the pride, pomp, and circumstance of

married life, was deeply felt. She was thrown absolutely upon the charity of relations; who had very little charity in any sense of the word. She was disregarded by all her fine acquaintance: she had no friend upon earth to pity her; even her favourite maid gave warning, because she was tired of her mistress's temper, and of receiving no wages.

The detail of poor Mrs. Germaine's mortifications and sufferings cannot be interesting. She was a prey to low spirits, or in other words, to mortified vanity, for some time, and at last died of a nervous fever.

Her husband wrote the following letter to Mr. William Darford, soon after her death:

"MY DEAR WILLIAM,

"You have heard of poor Mrs. Germaine's death, and of the manner of it: no more need be said upon that subject. Whatever were her faults, she has suffered for them; and so have I for mine. Believe me, I am effectually cured of all desire to be a fine gentleman. I shall quit the name of Germaine immediately, and resume that of Darford. You know the state of my affairs. There is yet hope I may set things to rights by my own industry; and I am determined to go into business, and to apply to it in good earnest, for my own

sake, and for the sake of my children, whom I have hitherto shamefully neglected. But I had it not always in my power, after my marriage, to do as I wished. No more of that. The blame be upon me for the past; for the future I shall, I hope, be a different man. I dare not ask you to trust so far to these good resolutions as to take me into partnership with you, in your manufactory; but perhaps your good-nature can direct me to some employment suited to my views and capacity. I ask only a fair trial; I think I shall not do as I used to do, and leave all the letters to be written by my partner.

"Give my love to my dear little boy and girl. How can I thank you and Mrs. Darford enough for all you have done for them. There is another person whom I would wish to thank, but scarcely dare to name; feeling, as I do, so unworthy of her goodness.

"Adieu, yours sincerely,

"CHARLES DARFORD, again,

"thank God."

It is scarcely necessary to inform our readers that Mr. William Darford received his penitent friend with open arms, took him into partnership, and assisted him in the most kind and judicious manner to re-establish his fortune and his credit. He became remarkable for his steady attention to business; to the great astonishment of those who had seen him only in the cha-

racter of a dissipated fine gentleman. Few have sufficient strength of mind thus to stop short in the career of folly, and few have the resolution to bear the ridicule thrown upon them even by those whom they despise. Our hero was ridiculed most unmercifully, by all his former companions, by all the Bond street loungers. But of what consequence was this to him? He did not live among them; he did not hear their witticisms, and well knew that, in less than a twelvemonth, they would forget such a person as Charles Germaine had ever existed. His knowledge of what is called high life had sufficiently convinced him that happiness is not in the gift or in the possession of those who are often, to ignorant mortals, objects of supreme admiration and envy.

Charles Darford looked for happiness, and found it, in domestic life. His fondness for his children created, insensibly, a strong attachment to the person who had shown them so much judicious kindness. His second choice was as prudent as his first had been unfortunate; he married Miss

Locke, and forgot the years of misery which he spent with Mrs. Germaine.

Belief, founded upon our own experience, is more firm than that which we grant to the hearsay evidence of moralists; but happy those who, according to the ancient proverb, can profit by the experience of their predecessors.

Feb. 1803.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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